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## CYCLOPEAN ARCHITECTURE IN THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

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THE islands of Ithaca, Cephalonia, and Santa Maura are singularly rich in those curious and interesting remains of ancient skill, designated by the Greek poets of the earliest classical period CYCLOPEAN, but apparently only so called to intimate the total absence of any historic record of their origin, even at that early period of human civilisation. Who were meant as a people by the term "Cyclopean" no one has even attempted to suggest; but the great works, both in Greece and the islands that are thus alluded to, are referred doubtfully to a race called the Pelasgians, about whom accurate history is almost as silent as about the Cyclops. This race, however, is named by Strabo, Thucydides, and Herodotus, and uniformly referred to as the people who preceded the Hellenes in the occupation of Greece. It is curious, also, that Herodotus mentions the term Ionian as equivalent to Pelasgian or ante-Hellenic; and thus, at any rate, it is probable that the people, whoever they were, who preceded the Greeks and whose works still exist, were the same in the islands as on the mainland of Greece. Apart from such questions of history, which, after all, can only end in attributing an unknown antiquity to these records, there is much that is extremely interesting concerning them, simply as works of Art. A recent visit to the Ionian Islands has enabled me to offer the following notices of them, chiefly in this respect.

Within the compass of the three islands above named, there are no less than five very remarkable examples of Cyclopean work. All of them are admirable studies of this work, and each contains some specialty—some peculiarity of structure, or state of preservation, that distinguishes it from the rest. The five specimens are the remains of the ancient cities of Leucas, in Santa Maura (anciently Leucadia), of Samos and Cræna, in Cephalonia, all of considerable size; and of the buildings called the Castle of Ulysses, and the School of Homer, in Ithaca.

Of these remains each of the cities possesses its own interest. Leucas, besides walls, has some excavations. Samos exhibits work of every period of Cyclopean wall, from the earliest times to the Roman invasion of Greece. Cræna has a remarkable gateway, and some of the most gigantic stones, as well as some of the finest specimens of ancient

and middle Cyclopean work. The Castle of Ulysses affords beyond comparison the most instructive study of an ancient defensive habitation on a large scale; while the so-called School of Homer exhibits the smallest and most compact specimen of gigantic stonework, and is, perhaps, the most obscure of all.

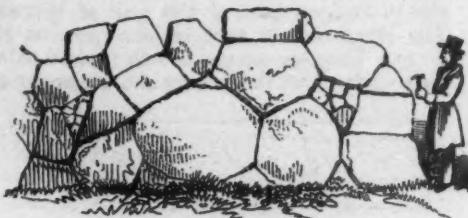
Thus, while Mycene, and other places on the mainland of Greece, contain larger and, in some respects, more complete walls, the Ionian Islands, besides being more easily visited at present, are really, perhaps, richer in regard to variety of interest.

Architecture that has withstood not only the sweeping hand of time, but the steady attacks of every race, civilised as well as barbarian, for a period that cannot be less than three or four thousand years, and may be much more, and long ranges of wall or towers, however massive, built of a material so easily injured as limestone, cannot be expected to exhibit much completeness of outline. When it is remembered, too, that the towns have been occupied and re-occupied by people of different habits and requirements, that they have been attacked and taken, and their defences made available for new styles of attack and defence, that the walls have served as quarries for the succeeding towns down to the present time, and that even during the present century, and under English occupation, an English governor has been barbarian enough to destroy wilfully and intentionally some of the most interesting parts of Leucas—the wonder will be that anything is left, and that one stone remains upon another.

I know no better proof of the marvellous ingenuity of man than these records of an antiquity that had already become fabulous in the time of Euripides; and to wander amongst the ruins of these cities and dwellings, whence Homer drew his inspiration, cannot fail to stimulate in the highest degree every element of imaginative power that exists within us. We see an ancient people—contemporaries or predecessors of those Egyptians who built the Pyramids, or founded the earliest monuments of the banks of the Nile—a people strong, intelligent, and warlike—a people who, building cities, built also ships, and used them to some purpose—a people who must have possessed valuable property, whose language was probably the germ of Greek, and who were, perhaps, not without literature—but a people whose very latest events had been utterly forgotten when Herodotus travelled, and who had probably fallen out of recollection when Homer wrote. New races then inhabited the country, new styles had been introduced, and the old had been worked into new shapes, so far as circumstances admitted. Cyclopean art was forgotten, but Cyclopean architecture still remained.

The work called by the general name Cyclopean is merely a construction of very large stones, ingeniously fitted to form a compact wall. Of this work there are three very different kinds, passing, however, into one another, and exemplified not unfrequently in the same continuous construction. They represent successive dates, for it is evident that the later is an improvement engrafted in the course of time on the earlier. The following diagrams and descriptions will illustrate the three kinds, the dimensions of the stones being represented in each on the same scale. They are called, for the sake of convenience, *Cyclopean*, *Polygonal*, and *Hellenic*. The *Cyclopean* is the oldest, and consists of stones of most irregular size, including some that are very large, the intervals between the stones, which are roughly shaped, being filled up with smaller stones, and even

rubbish. This style, certainly the most ancient, is described by Livy as having been adopted in the wall built from Athens to the sea, and would naturally be selected



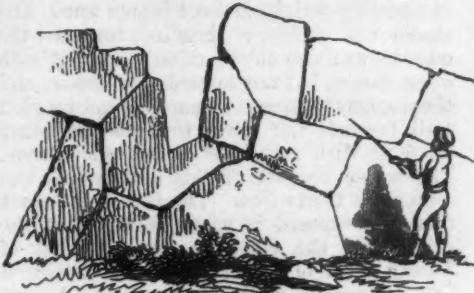
FACE OF CYCLOPEAN WALL AT LEUCAS—SANTA MAURA.

Scale  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch = 1 foot.

N.B.—Parts of this wall are 15 feet high and about 7 feet thick.

when time was an important object. It does not, therefore, follow in all cases that true Cyclopean work is the oldest, though the oldest is certainly of this kind.

The *Polygonal* style is distinct. It involved more trouble, time, and ingenuity, and is, perhaps, the most common. In other words, it is that which has proved most durable. In it the stones are all most carefully cut to definite shapes, that fit each other closely. There are no intervals whatever, and the stones are so smooth and are so well placed, that it would generally be difficult to insert the blade of a long thin knife between them. In walls of this style the stones are sometimes enormous, almost beyond belief, and chiselled with an accuracy and sharpness which would be remarkable even with all the advantages of modern tools and machinery. Thus a stone measuring more than a hundred cubic feet is by no



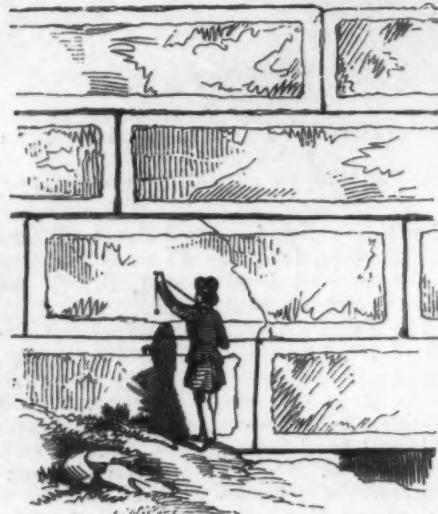
FACE OF POLYGONAL WALL AT CRÆNA—CEPHALONIA.

Scale  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch = 1 foot.

Wall is above 12 feet thick.

means unusual; it is rather, indeed, the exception, in some walls of cities, to find stones much smaller. And yet each stone will be perfectly fitted to all those adjacent, not only on the upper but on the under surface, and each two adjacent stones will correspond. It is clear, therefore, that the measurements and angles of the stones must have been determined beforehand, that each stone, whatever its weight, must have been turned over, in order to work it, and that each must have been lifted five, ten, or even twenty feet above the ground, and so put in its place, as previously arranged, that it would need no further treatment. Some of the largest stones of this polygonal masonry at Cræna must weigh from fifteen to twenty tons, and many exceed ten tons. All, without exception, are of the limestone of the immediate neighbourhood, and they were doubtless made from the stones lying on the spot. In the peculiar limestone of Greece and the Ionian Islands, weathering shows itself by splitting up the rock into numberless fragments of all sizes, so that there are always enough fragments at hand for any purposes of construction, while the blocks removed help to clear the ground for building or cultivation.

The third and most modern kind of Cyclopean architecture is called Hellenic. It is a marvel of regularity and system, combined with magnitude, to an extent rarely approached in modern buildings. The annexed sketch is from part of the wall of Cranae. The stones are of very various size, but all large. They are arranged with perfect order on a steep slope, the heavier and larger stones



SPECIMEN OF HELLENIC WALL—CRANEA, CEPHALONIA.  
Scale  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch = 1 foot.

being generally on the second row from the bottom. It is a rare exception to find a stone cracked or even chipped; but the gigantic stone in the sketch is cracked, owing no doubt to a defect in the placement of one of its support-stones, and is a little displaced. It probably weighs at least fifteen tons. The stones are perfectly chiselled towards the outside, and also on the sides in contact with other stones, but not towards the inside; and there seems to have been another and rougher wall towards the town, the interval being filled up with rubble or loosely piled stone. The whole breadth of this double wall was sometimes thirty feet. The face of the stone that was exposed is neatly bevelled at the edges, and the effect is precisely that of Tuscan work of a later and even mediæval date, as seen in Italian towns. The largest stone represented in the sketch is one of the most remarkable I have seen. It measures more than sixteen feet in length, by six feet in height, and is three feet thick, thus containing more than ten cubic yards of stone. It is difficult by any description to give an adequate idea of the vastness of these blocks, and it is equally difficult to explain the wonderful accuracy of the masonry. In both respects, however, the older or real Cyclopean work is in some places quite as remarkable as the more modern portions, though in a different way. Most of the long walls contain fragments of all the three periods, which evidently passed into each other, and were subject to changes and transitions whenever circumstances required.

The specimens of Cyclopean work in the Ionian Islands consist chiefly of portions of walls, and, indeed, this is the case everywhere; but I have mentioned that each also possesses a special interest. Together they throw some light on the habits and customs of the very ancient people who originated this style of architecture. It must not be forgotten that the Greeks, with all their marvellous skill and resources, could only accept and carry out the method of fortification and the style of defence adopted by the previous races who, for some reason, they supplanted. They do not seem to have altered the system in any point, and it is

doubtful whether the Romans would have taken Samos, if, at the time of their attack, there had not been a combination of accidents, all tending to weaken the defence.

In addition to the walls of Leucas, the old town enclosed within the walls is indicated pretty clearly, and contains some curious subterranean works. Among these is one of those curious excavations probably intended for storing corn, and consisting of a chamber of considerable magnitude, cut in the solid rock, the upper part or opening from above being scarcely larger than sufficient to allow the body of a man to enter, but the inside very much larger, increasing gradually to a diameter of from six to ten feet, or even more. The whole interior is perfectly smooth, and lined with cement. These chambers were probably excavated in all the walled cities, though they have not always been left as perfect as they are here, and in the Castle of Ulysses, in Ithaca.

Three such chambers, of various sizes, are nearly together in the southern part of the enclosed space of Leucas; one of them is covered with large stones, and one of them is as much as fourteen feet diameter in the widest part.

Close to these chambers are parts of an old drain, neatly cut and covered with stone, well squared, and about three feet wide. Its date cannot be guessed at.

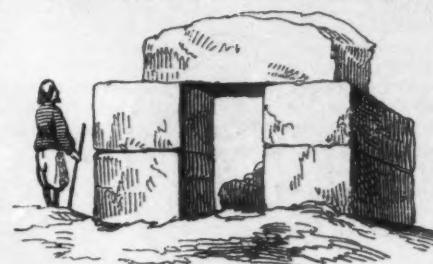
An adit, or tunnel, runs up the hill-side, always about the same depth from the surface, not far from the chambers. The curiosity with regard to this tunnel is that, although admirably executed, entirely through solid rock, and very little injured or choked up, it is so small, that a man could hardly creep through. This adit communicates with the ground above by several air-holes or chimneys. It is several hundred yards long, but it seems quite impossible to suggest how or why it was constructed.

Many fragments of very ancient pottery and some coins have been found at Leucas, but they do not help us to understand the meaning of these works. They seem to have belonged to the inhabited part of the town, at a much later period.

The whole of the hill on which the old town of Leucas was built, and which is surrounded by walls of the most massive proportions, is also scarped, and in this way rendered much stronger for defence than if the rock had been left in its natural state. The space within the walls is partly, but to a very small extent, cultivated; but the chief produce seems to be wild herbs and flowers for bees, of which numbers are kept. The naked limestone rock lying all about suggests something as to the mode in which the houses of the old inhabitants were constructed. They were probably built of loose stones, like the cottages that one sees at present.

Samos, in Cephalonia, was a large and important city from a very early period till after the Christian epoch. The more modern Roman town was, however, almost entirely below and outside the ancient. Both Samos and Leucas, and, indeed, almost all the other defensible places of the Cyclopean period, were situated on steep rocky slopes, and very broken ground. The highest part of the hill or slope is selected for the Acropolis, and this part is defended with special care. The space included is large, considering the enormous labour of constructing the walls; but to receive the population of the district in troublesome times, must have required a good deal of close packing. In some respects Samos is much more perfect than Leucas. It presents finer specimens of late Cyclopean work, and includes, among the parts preserved, a good but small gateway, a con-

struction that Leucas also could boast of till lately, but which is now removed. There



GATEWAY AT SAMOS.

Scale  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch = 1 foot.

is also in Samos a finer and more perfect Acropolis.

The gate at Samos is evidently belonging to the early period. It looks nearly due west, and near it the wall is about twenty-five feet high, and in fine condition. Much of it is of late work. The entry consists of a narrow passage, now partly blocked up by the fall of one of the inner stones; but externally there are four principal oblong stones lying lengthways. They are roughly squared, and each measures about three feet by four in section, and ten or twelve feet in length. The cap-stone is much rougher, but is well laid on. It is about seven feet square, and averages about two feet six inches thick, weighing, therefore, about six or seven tons. The lower surface of the cap-stone is levelled, and carefully worked, and it rests simply on the vertical supports, without fitting. The gate formerly existing at Leucas was different, and less simple in construction, the cap-stone being smaller, and fitted into its place. The stones are still to be seen outside the town.

The space occupied by the Acropolis at Samos is an oval measuring about 100 feet by 50 feet, the greater part of it cleared of loose stones, and presenting a smooth surface, covered with fine turf. A somewhat lower platform, not cleared of stones, but levelled, and of smaller size, extends from and is connected with this space. It was, no doubt, once covered with buildings.

Besides the ancient walls, there are Roman constructions mixed up with the walls of Samos, proving that though the Romans chiefly occupied the ground towards the sea, which is covered with the remains of their houses and other buildings, they did not neglect the hill, but continued to use it as a strong place. The ancient Acropolis was their Forum.

Beyond the hill on which the Acropolis stood, there is another hill, formerly used as a cemetery, and several interesting remains of an early Greek period have been found there. The whole of the space enclosed by the walls of Samos is so thickly strewed with fragments of tiles and other burnt pottery ware as to indicate a long occupation by a civilised people. There is no pottery clay at hand.

Cranae is another of the ancient cities of Cephalonia, existing till the Roman invasion of Greece, though it does not seem to have survived that event. It is named by Livy in his account of the event, but little more is known about it. Much of the old Cyclopean walls of Cranae is in admirable preservation, and is more complete than others found elsewhere. Double walls, numerous towers at short distances, and, above all, a regularly-constructed and defensible entry into the town, are clearly indicated, and are very instructive. The walls have been of great thickness, being faced both outside and inside, but very roughly built between. The greater part of the work is polygonal, or of the middle period; but both the other kinds,

Cyclopean and Hellenic, are well represented. Part of the main wall near the entry is broken by numerous small projections or towers about twenty-four feet square, and these are very old. A little beyond, however, on the other side of the entry, there is a grand specimen of modern or Hellenic work.

The walls of Cranae enclose two hills, and the entry is at the lowest part of the valley between them. A space of twenty yards is left between the walls in the hollow, and they are continued towards the interior of the town, at right angles to the general direction. These parts are of the usual width and strength, and are continued perfectly parallel to each other for a distance of forty yards, leaving thus a narrow passage-way flanking and enfilading the only entrances for the whole distance. Where these walls terminate they are somewhat thicker than usual. Midway in the interval between them has been erected a strong tower, solid to some height, measuring about sixteen feet in width by twenty-four in length, the greater length being in the direction of the passage-way. On each side, between the walls and the tower, is left a passage towards the town, about twenty feet in width. No doubt this was originally defended by strong gates.

The whole of the work of this entry is polygonal, but this style ends abruptly a few yards up the hill beyond, and is succeeded by remarkably perfect specimens of Hellenic wall. There can be little doubt that the entry had been added at an early period to older Cyclopean work, much of which still remains in the adjacent walls. This older wall had answered its purpose for a long while after the entry had been built, but ultimately becoming unsound, it would naturally be replaced at a late period by the best work of the time. Still it must be remembered that the whole was very ancient at the earliest period of Greek civilisation.

I have dwelt the longer on this remarkable specimen of ancient architecture, as it has hardly been sufficiently noticed by English travellers.

Ithaca boasts of two highly interesting specimens of Cyclopean work, less perfect, so far as mere walls are concerned, than those we have been considering, but more suggestive of the habits and state of civilisation of the people who constructed them. One of these, called the School of Homer, is probably an old tower and temple. It looks towards the north, across the exquisitely beautiful bay of Afalis. A watch-tower it may have been, but if so, it was certainly defensible against piratical attacks. It is curious rather for its extraordinary strength in proportion to its size, and for its regular shape and accurate angles, than for the absolute size of its stones, though these are very large. What remains consists of little more than two courses of stones, nearly complete, and tolerably regular, though no two are of the same size. The angle stones are large and well cut. The largest stone is five feet square by about two feet thick, and is above the two courses. The height of the two courses together is between five and six feet, and each consists of about three large stones and two of smaller size.

Besides these two courses, a foundation course is seen at intervals. It is built of stones not larger than those above. The stones of the walls are not actually bonded, but care has generally been taken that each upper block shall rest on two lower ones at least. There are also foundation courses of other walls, but not for any distance. The rock below has been carefully scarped, and on a terrace communicating by steps cut in the rock, there are one or two springs and a small cavern.

The slopes and summit of the hill called Aitos—the Eagle's Cliff—between the two mountains of Ithaca, Neritos and Stephanos, are covered with the remains of a very remarkable construction. Seen from the summit of Neritos, it is impossible to distinguish any artificial character in the broken and jagged rocks, out of which only a few trees and shrubs seem to rise. Mounting the hill-side from the head of the Gulf of Molo, at first we only perceive one or two tombs and a well. Presently, ascending with difficulty through huge fragments of limestone, a low but gigantic wall rises, as it were, before us out of the ground, and gradually assumes definite proportions. After a while this wall is reached, and it is found to run straight up the steepest slope to the top of the hill; while nearly at right angles to it, at the lower end, is a row of narrow terraces with foundations and walls, forming a tolerably complete outline of a large dwelling. The whole length of the front is not less than 130 feet, and may probably have been more, but the terraces are only about ten feet wide. A space is clear for about sixty feet, and this perhaps formed one long hall; other apartments measure about twenty feet by ten, and there are passages about ten feet wide. There has evidently been a very systematic clearing and construction on a definite plan, involving as much complication as is usual now in a large country-house, such as there are some examples of in the other islands. This great ruin is clearly that of a habitation; it is certainly also very old, and probably was an antiquity in the time of Homer. It is a part of a great enclosure shut in by Cyclopean walls of very early type and of great magnitude, and it is thus certainly one of the earliest fragments of house architecture of the Cyclopean age that has been described.

At the top of the hill, on a comparatively flat space, levelled artificially, is the Acropolis or keep of this castle. It is not indicated by lofty walls; these, if they existed, have long since fallen, but it is strengthened naturally by steep escarpments, and walls still surround it entirely. It occupies nearly an acre of ground. Within it are two remarkably fine rock chambers, or cisterns, one of which is half filled with rubbish, and a large tree has grown out of it. It appears to be cylindrical, though it may be larger below. The other is pear-shaped, swelling out rapidly as it descends. Like the other, it is partly filled with rubbish.

Such, then, are the principal Cyclopean works of the Ionian islands. They are very impressive in their grandeur, and not without much picturesque effect, owing to the condition of the country beyond and around. They harmonise well with the jagged limestone rocks everywhere about, but are more interesting, perhaps, on account of the insight they give into the character of the most ancient people by whom they were constructed. That people, whether Pelasgians or others, must have had valuable property worth preserving with every care; they must also have had enemies so powerful and intelligent as to require defences on a large scale. They must have had great ingenuity, and were capable of executing combined work of the most important kind, a power that involves regular government and habits of subordination. They must have had boats, and probably, therefore, they held commercial intercourse with other intelligent peoples. They no doubt had flocks and herds. That they were workers in metals there can be little question, for in no other way could they prepare tools for the chiseling of the hard limestone into shape. That they understood something at least of the mechanical powers, is very

certain, for no ordinary ingenuity would be required, even with machinery, to fit to their places, and lift several yards in the air, stones weighing from five to fifteen tons. The rarity of cracks in the stones after so long a time is proof of the soundness and accuracy of the foundations and the skill of the builder.

One may safely assert that constructions so ingenious, complete, and durable as the Cyclopean walls could hardly be the work of a people who had not attained some proficiency in the Fine Arts. It is true that there are no known examples of ornamentation by which we may judge of their taste, but the proportions of their work are generally good.

The Pelasgians differed from the early Egyptians in having a comparatively easy stone to work upon. They differed from the inhabitants of many of the celebrated cities of Asia Minor, now in ruins, in having limestone instead of mud and brick as the common material for building. We know them by only one class of their public works, but the inferences from those works are very clear. We ask, however, in vain for records of a nation thus distinguished, or for notices concerning them by those who immediately succeeded them in their country, and whose literature will never be forgotten while the world lasts. Is this the result of indifference, jealousy, or real ignorance?

It is interesting to notice that the natural decay of exposed limestones in the climate of Greece is scarcely more rapid than that of granite in Egypt. But the decay, though slow, is very sure, and a comparison of the progress made within the last two thousand years with that made on exactly similar material, similarly exposed from the oldest Cyclopean period, tends greatly to support the views of geologists with regard to the antiquity of the human race. If civilised men have lived so long as they seem to have done, what must have been the lapse of time since the earlier and uncivilised races were introduced?

#### ILLUSTRATIONS OF DANTE'S "L'INFERNO."\*

A VERY few years ago there appeared in Paris a young French artist whose designs, published in some of the illustrated serials and other publications, attracted to them the admiration and astonishment of every lover of Art, by their originality, vigour, and depth of conception, united with extraordinary power of drawing. It was evident from what his countrymen saw that a young man of no common genius was in their midst, to shed a brilliant yet strange light over them. From what source Gustavus Doré had derived his inspirations none could tell, for though the subjects on which his pencil was engaged were, generally, found for him in the writings of the authors whose works he illustrated, he seems only to have used these as a scaffold to build up his own marvellous structures; or, in other words, they furnished him with an idea, and nothing more. Caravaggio, Pietro di Cosimo, Peter Breughel, our own Fuseli, William Blake, and John Martin, were all more or less students in that almost supernatural school of which Doré is the latest, and by no means the least distinguished disciple, as a designer, but not as a painter—at least so far as we are acquainted with his works. Yet to none of these artists can the young Frenchman be likened, nor must he be compared with them; he stands alone—ininitely superior to the majority, he is second only to Martin in the sublimity and richness of his compositions.

\* L'INFERNO DI DANTE ALIGHIERI, Colle Figure di G. Doré. Published by L. Hachette & Co., London and Paris.

Doré's fame soon reached England, where many of the minor works illustrated by him had, and still have, a large circulation; but there are some which, from their size and costliness, can only be known to a comparative few; and it is to one of these, a small folio edition of Dante's "L'Inferno," that we desire now to call the attention of our readers.

Thoroughly to understand and appreciate Doré's illustrations of this magnificent poem, it is quite necessary to have a right understanding of the poem itself, which, for the mastery it shows over the human feelings, and the knowledge of those chords that vibrate deepest through the heart of man, has no counterpart save in the dramas of Shakspere. Milton's "Paradise Lost" has a distinctive character altogether, and cannot be put in competition with it, notwithstanding he, like Dante, introduces his readers into the "darkness visible of the infernal deeps." Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," says—"Nearly six centuries have elapsed since the appearance of the great work of Dante, and the literary historians of Italy are disputing respecting the origin of this poem, singular in its nature and its excellence. . . . The 'Divina Commedia' of Dante is a visionary journey through the three realms of the after-life existence; and though in the classical ardour of our poetical pilgrim he allows his conductor to be a pagan, the scenes are those of monkish imagination. The invention of a vision was the usual vehicle for religious instruction in his age; it was adapted to the genius of the sleeping Homer of a monastery, and to the comprehension, and even to the faith of the populace, whose minds were then awake to these awful themes." It is quite clear there is nothing of a classic nature in the character or construction of the poem. Dante himself said, in a letter written by him, "*I found the original of my hell in the world which we inhabit.*" Disraeli calls it "Gothic;" it is, he continues, "a picture of the poet's times, of his own ideas, of the people about him; nothing of classical antiquity resembles it; and although the name of Virgil is introduced into a Christian Hades, it is assuredly not the Roman, for Dante's Virgil speaks and acts as the Latin poet never could have done. It is one of the absurdities of Dante, who, like our Shakspere, or like Gothic architecture itself, has many things which 'lead to nothings' amidst their massive greatness."

With all its unrealities—and, perhaps, because of them—the "Divina Commedia" is one of the few works of imagination which have stood the test of centuries, and which will pass down to the remotest generations. As a composition it resembles no other poem: it is not an epic; it consists of descriptions, dialogues, and didactic precepts; it is also political, and in some passages theological, so far as relates to the outward and visible church, for he denounces his political enemies, the Guelphs of Florence, and their allies, the papal court and the King of France; and he inveighs, though a sincere Romanist, against the vices of the court of Rome, and deplores the relaxation of ecclesiastical discipline, while he urges the necessity of reform, and a total separation of the temporal power and authority from the spiritual—the very question which is discussed so widely in our own day. There is nothing allegorical, as some critics suppose, in the poet's allusions, though he sometimes speaks in a metaphor.

As Dante, led by his guide Virgil, descends from earth into the lower regions, and witnesses in the realms of eternal punishment all the varied scenes and incidents described by the poet, Gustavus Doré seems as if he had been their companion, and noted down in his sketch-book those terrible visions which passed before his eyes, so completely are his representations identified with the spirit of the writings.

The number of engravings in the volume is seventy-five, each canto having from one to six illustrations; only a few out of so extensive a series can we find space to point out specifically, though there is not one unworthy of notice. Charon forcing the wretched crowd of the lost into his boat, shows the artist's skill in grouping, in anatomical expression, and in variety of attitude, to be most extraordinary; for drawing of the figure, this composition is not unworthy of

Michel Angelo, but with much more actual sentiment than is usually found in his works.—Minos, "ghastly shaped with grinning face," on his judgment seat, with a monster snake coiled round him, is a huge figure, again reminding us of Buonarrotti; before him stands, half-veiled in darkness, a multitude of figures, mere pygmies in comparison with his giant form.—The story of Francesca da Rimini is illustrated by the lady and her guilty paramour, floating,

"Buoyant as feathers down the gusty rock;"

the figures most gracefully grouped, with a strong light shining on the nearer of the two; while Dante and Virgil, scarcely perceptible in the surrounding gloom, stand on a pinnacle of rock below, surveying them and a circle of other figures whirling through the air. Another incident in the same story is one we are enabled to place before our readers; it represents Dante swooning when he hears the story of Francesca. Here we have again the pair winging their flight, but they are drawn in a different attitude and on a smaller scale than in the first, but the idea of the composition is the same throughout both: in this the air is literally alive with the hosts of lost spirits that accompany the sinful couple through the infernal regions.

Plutus watching the two travellers entering the fourth circle of hell is a fiend-like figure of gigantic frame, with all the muscles powerfully developed; he sits with his naked limbs crouched together on a ledge of rock, looking at the invaders of his province with a most villainous expression of countenance.—There are few, if any, finer designs in the volume than the passage of Dante and Virgil, in Phlegyas's boat, to the "Dolorous City," with numerous bodies, some apparently dead, and others alive, floating in the stream.—That which immediately follows it is one of the two examples introduced into our pages; it represents the arrival of the boat with its freight on the shore of the city. Both of these illustrations will convey a truer idea of the extraordinary merit of Doré's pencil than any words of ours can do.—A grand picture, for it deserves no less worthy a title, is the angel sent down from heaven to open the gate of the sixth circle of hell, the abode of unbelievers, for the entrance of the travellers. The sight of the sacred messenger seems to fill the wretched spirits outside the gate with increased terror and anguish; they turn away their eyes, they throw themselves in terrible dismay on the ground, rolling and writhing in their agony, and deprecating the vision as an addition to their torments. Almost immediately following this is another subject, equally effective, Farinata degli Uberti rising from his fiery cell, an emaciated and "living" corpse, on whose muscular yet attenuated form the flames throw a ghastly light.

It is a relief both to the eye and thought to turn from this to another tomb, inscribed with the name of Pope Anastasius, placed amidst a mass of sloping precipitous rocks, from the fissures of which issue forth volumes of curling smoke; the figures of Virgil and Dante, the former with his robes floating wildly in the air, the latter endeavouring to push aside the huge slab that covers the grave, stand in apparent insecurity on a ledge of rock; a composition this of great beauty and elegance.

Though the ancient classic poets describe Geryon as a monster with three bodies and three heads, Dante speaks of him as one with the body of a serpent and the face of a "righteous man." Doré, of course, follows the latter, and represents the huge reptile, where the travellers meet with it, as a winged dragon, with scales, and knots, and speckled rings, but with the head of a man; it seems to have ascended out of a fathomless gorge of blackened rock, over which his sinuous tail is stretched, while a cloud of smoke rises up from the abyss; this forms the right side of the picture. On the left, in the centre of a mass of rock and gigantic boulders, Dante and Virgil, whose figures are diminished to the size of dwarfs in comparison with the objects around them, regard the monster and the fiery cavern from which it has come forth. There is a grand poetical feeling manifest in this composition, as there is also in the illustration immediately following, Geryon winging his flight over a gulf, deep and dark, between rocks, whose sharp pinnacles rise on either side

to a dizzy elevation, and stand out, towards the horizon, in black relief against a sky of clouds tinged with the blood-red hues of an unearthly sunset.

Having gained an insecure footing on a low ledge almost at the base of a precipitous height of rugged mountain, the two poets are seen, in another print, to present themselves before Thais and her companions, who are partly immersed in a dank pool which the rocks engirdle. The calm contemplative attitude of the spectators is admirably contrasted with the agonised forms of the doomed, writhing with torture, and reproaching each other, as it seems, with the sins that have made them companions in suffering as they once were in guilt.

Solemn and stately, through a crooked narrow mountain defile, winds an interminable train of ghost-like figures habited in white:

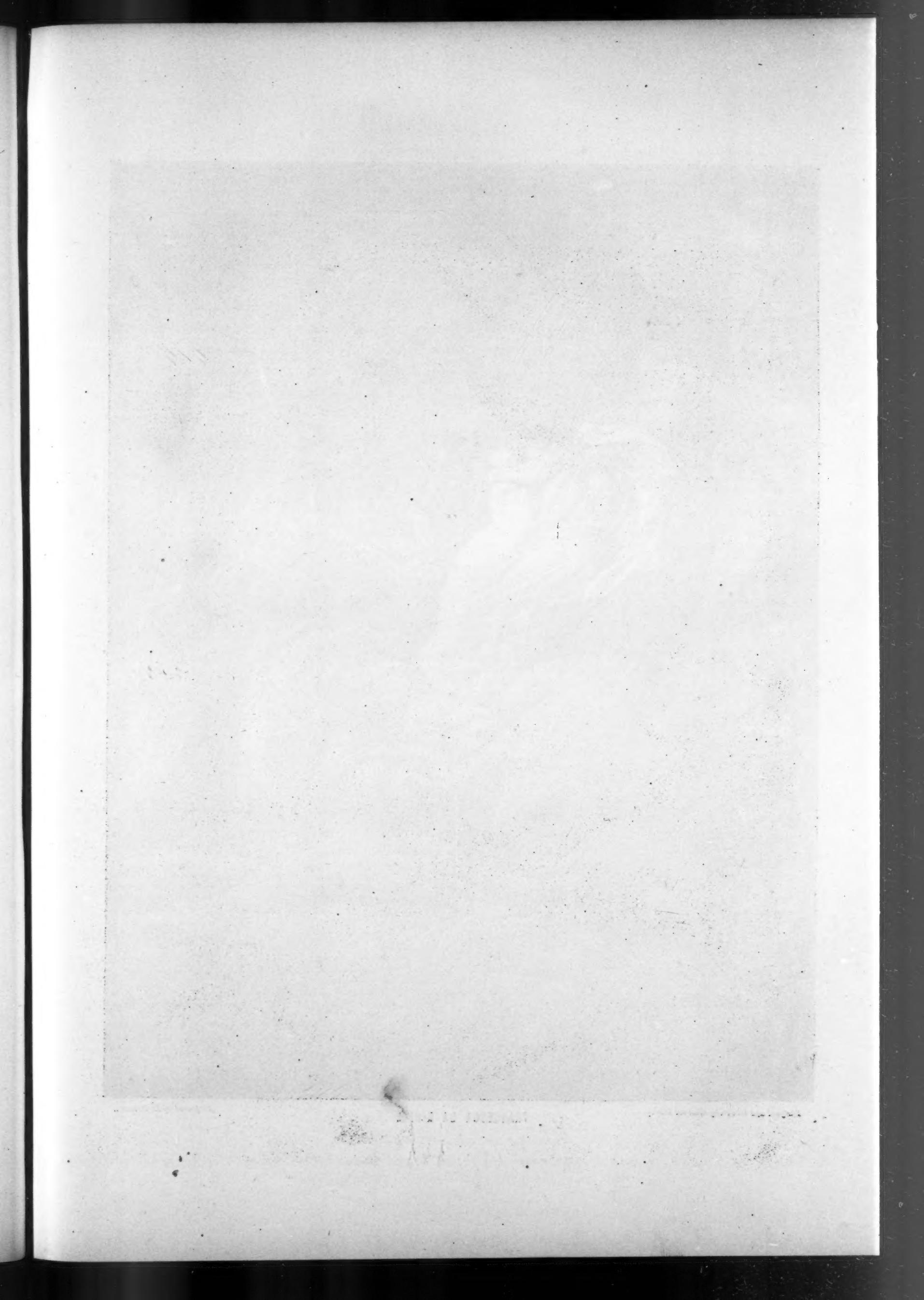
"Cloaks had they all, with drooping cowl that lean To shade the eyes."

These are the monkish hypocrites, condemned to drag along, step by step, their dull, slow round, clad in garments the weight of which is almost insupportable. Dante and Virgil stand on a slight eminence skirting their pathway, and as the procession moves on, the faces of the monks, as they pass, are turned towards them with looks that bespeak anything but Christian love.

In attempting to convey an idea of some of these illustrations, we have felt, as we proceeded, how inadequate were our powers to the occasion. Art is often more powerful than language, and defies description; it is so here; our readers may, however, form some slight conception from what has been said of the character of these most original compositions, in which the imagination of the poet finds so expressive and felicitous an expositor in the pencil of the artist. The scenery and incidents of the "Inferno" have never been brought so vividly before our mind, nor have they been so thoroughly realised in all their appalling revelations, as when presented to view in this series of engravings. One most striking feature is manifest throughout the whole, and that is the deep solemnity with which the two travellers appear on the stage. To Virgil the journey through the regions of the lost was no novelty, to the other it was; and yet nowhere is there manifest any indication of supernatural wonder, nor of shrinking from a fearful ordeal. Silent, and apparently awe-struck, Dante is led by his companion from one scene of eternal agony and hopelessness to another, unable, as it seems, to find word or action whereby to express his sense of the punishments endured by the wretched inhabitants of the realms of Satan. As we closed the volume, a thought instinctively, as it were, passed over the mind as a serious warning—if the awards of a future life bear any resemblance to the scenes we have been contemplating, who would not pray earnestly to be delivered from such a hereafter as the penalty of a vicious life or of a life of selfish indulgence? This is the moral these pictures teach.

Allusion has not yet been made to these engravings as specimens of woodcuts: all are in the highest degree excellent. Indeed it is difficult to determine with respect to some, except by close examination, whether the prints have been worked from metal plates or wood blocks. Making every allowance for the admirable manner in which Doré would place his drawings on the wood, the various engravers employed to cut them have exercised the utmost skill and ingenuity, and have displayed the greatest artistic feeling in the performance of their work. Throughout each subject we notice the rarest qualities of engraving, especially in the figures: softness and delicacy of tint, roundness in the forms, vigour in the lines, and a general solidity of execution, showing to what perfection some, at least, of the modern French school of wood-engravers have brought their art: many of our own engravers may, we think, get valuable hints from these works.

It may be of service to many of our readers to know that this great work, with others of almost equal interest, may be seen and procured at the establishment of Messrs. Hachette and Co., King William Street, Strand, to whom we are indebted for the loan of the woodcuts which illustrate this notice.





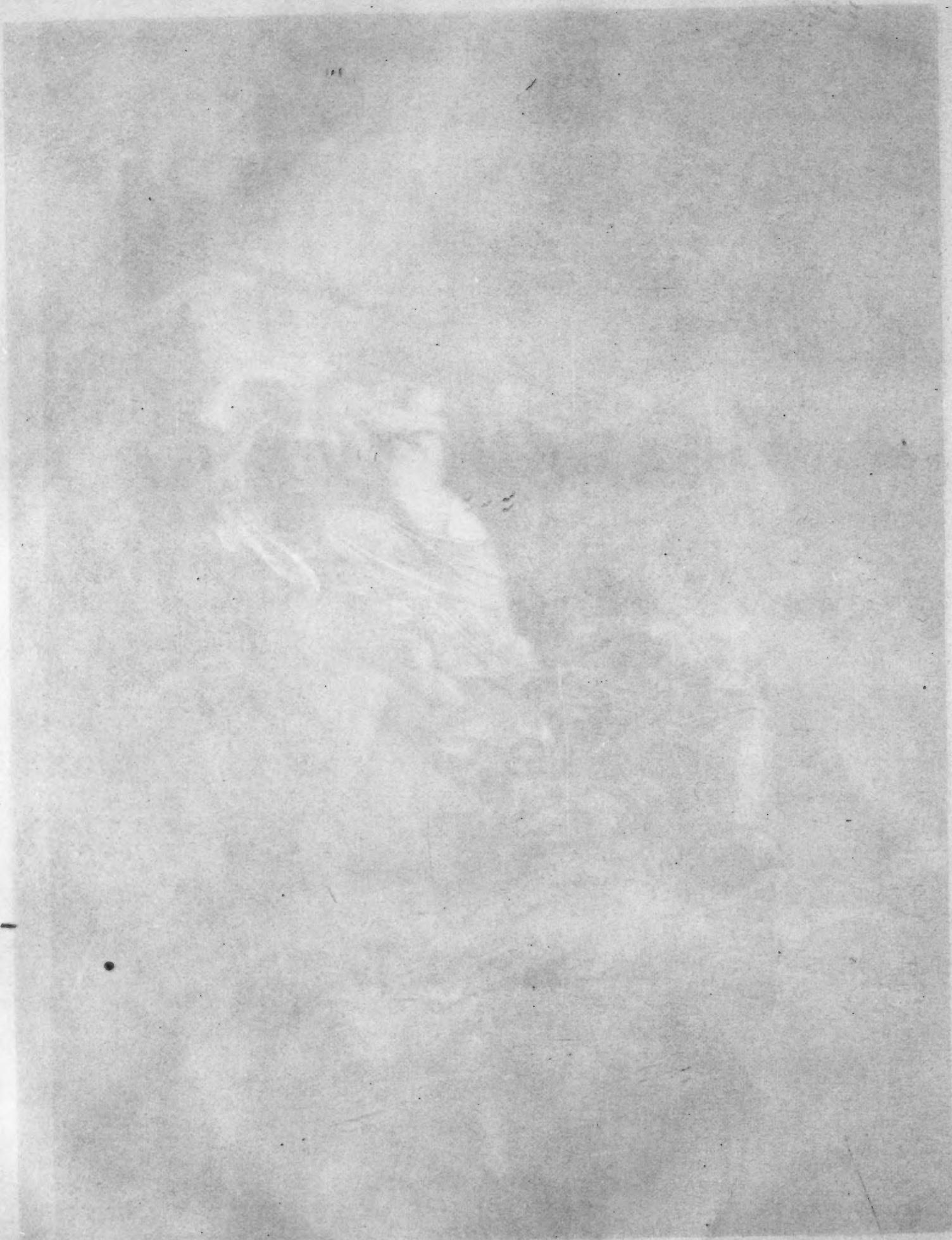
L. DUMONT. 1866.

*Designed and Drawn by Gustave Doré.]*

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

[Engraved by L. Dumont.



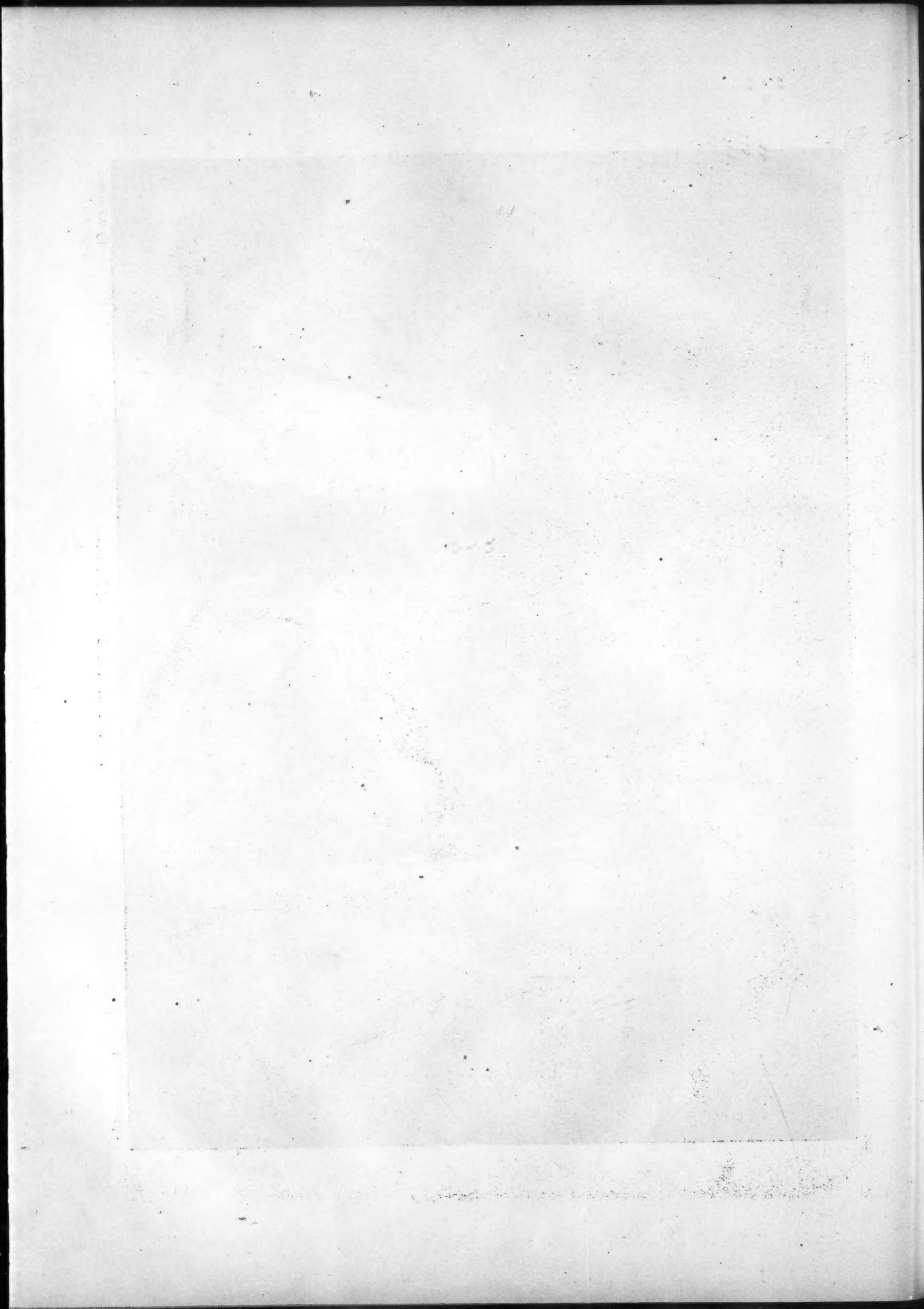




Designed and Drawn]

ARRIVING AT THE DOLOROUS CITY.

[By Gustave Doré,



ON THE  
PRESERVATION OF PICTURES  
PAINTED IN OIL COLOURS.\*  
PRINCIPALLY IN REFERENCE TO VARNISHING, AND ON  
EFFECTUALLY PREVENTING THE "CRACK."

BY J. B. PYNE.

AFTER discussing the subject of "Cracks" in the previous part of this article, it might be tiresome to explain the dilemma of the perfectly innocent carver and gilder, were it not that a few words only are necessary to do so. All varnishes, then, until perfectly dry, are solvents to oil pigments. The varnish in this case operated as a solvent, or rather diluent, to the aggregated oleine forming the immediate picture surface, which became intimately mixed with the varnish during its application. The compound varnish by this means was turned into a permanent non-dryer, and may have retained its tack for an indefinite time.

There is here, also, another point to be taken into consideration in varnishing an uncleaned picture. The smaller the quantity of varnish, the greater proportion of oleine occurs in the compound. Varnish thinned with turpentine has a worse effect still, as the sharply-biting turpentine goes into combination with the oleic surface more readily than the stouter varnish, and effects a more perfect mixture with the whole of the oleine.

In all modifications of varnish by means of oils, it should be distinctly borne in mind, that a modification operated by oleine, whether accidental or not, is an essentially different affair, oleine being one only of the many constituents of the painting oils, and the only one amongst them in itself perfectly undrying. It would be impossible to lay too much stress on this circumstance of the difference between such oils as poppy oil, nut oil, or linseed oil, on one hand, and oleine olive on the other. Either of the first three is occasionally used both in painting and varnishing; in both instances to retard drying, and in the latter to both retard drying and prevent the varnish from afterwards blooming. The vehicle gilp itself is nothing more than a contrivance to prevent varnish from setting too soon. Thus, common mastic gilp is composed of equal quantities of strong drying oil, which dries in thirty-four hours, and mastic varnish, which dries in twenty minutes. It would not be an insane thought to imagine that this compound might dry at a mean point between these two periods of time, that is, in seventeen hours and ten minutes, but the gilp requires seventy-two hours to become dry, *viz.*, more than four times the mean amount of time. This is easily accounted for, but does not essentially belong to the subject in hand, although it has been accidentally explained in the previous text. Blooming, then, is prevented by determining the varnish, in an excessively slight degree, into a gilp. The painting oils follow this order as to the possession of oleine—poppy, nut, linseed, strong drying oil, poppy containing the maximum and strong drying oil the minimum. One teaspoonful of poppy, or two teaspoonsfuls of linseed-oil, would be about the quantities necessary to produce the desired modification in a pint of varnish. Either the poppy or nut oil is to be preferred, as the increased quantities of the other oils necessary to effect the desired purpose frequently prevent the future removal of the varnish by common friction.

There are a few other causes for the cracking of pictures, which, simple as they are,

should not be omitted here. The prevention is extremely simple, though the cure not so, as it involves the absolute necessity of re-lining a work, and most probably some most difficult retouching. In small pictures on canvas, the cracking alluded to consists of an entire margin of some three inches in width, surrounding the whole picture; and in large pictures, of a similar margin of greater width, with one or two transverse bars, which cross it in two directions at right angles. These are all the result of permitting the canvas to become slack, which allows it to vibrate against the entire inner edge of the strainer and its transverse bars, producing a crack, if anything, still more unsightly than the varnish crack, from the uniformity of its figure. This crack, unlike the other, has a double pouting lip, standing above the level of the canvas, and refuses all compromise between entire re-lining and being left alone in all its rectangular and pouting beauty. The prevention is easy, and consists in turning the picture—say twice a year—and gently tapping the wedges, until the picture becomes sonorous, and emits a tone somewhat like that of a dull tambourine. There is no gallery of pictures superior to the necessity of having this simple operation performed occasionally. The writer—who prefers to paint on canvases and grounds of long standing—appoints his son to the office of tambour-major, whose duty consists in keeping the whole of the canvases—finished and unfinished works—in perfectly musical condition, the large ones forming the bass, and the small ones the treble.

There is another crack rife in many pictures, the cause of which has puzzled most inquirers, and the writer amongst them. It occurs in an irregular volute or spiral form, and he suggests that it may be the result of some minute animal ova deposited by way of secrecy on the hidden back of the canvas; and that the gluten or albumen accompanying the deposit may produce the crack by its contractile power. He also imagines that the fact of one particular gallery having entirely escaped this and other cracks is due to the circumstance of there being attached to it a tambour-major, and from the canvases and pictures being frequently turned, dusted, and brushed at the back, and then put into correct tune by being tapped or wedged out. This last crack also has its edges turned outwards poutingly, and if ever intended to be painted over—as is always the case with canvases and unfinished pictures—requires to be first varnished at the back several times, in order to stop the absorbency of the opening crack, the thirst of which is hardly to be assuaged by less than from four to six coats of oil colour on the surface.

As regards the propriety, generally, of varnishing pictures, a few words ought to suffice. The soundest painted picture possesses a surface highly susceptible to injury—for the first twelve months, owing to its softness, after its fourth or fifth year owing to its hardness, and after its thirtieth year owing to its brittleness. This last state announces itself by a minute and sharply defined snip, similar to that in finely snipped porcelain, and is justly considered as one of the picture's greatest ornaments, as it conduces to an ultimate clearness and brilliancy that it never would have possessed without it. It indeed gives to a painting that superadded clearness the graver communicates to a line engraving, in contradistinction to a work in mezzotint. It is quite possible that a picture may be of so light a general tone as to do passing well without varnish, as far as appearances go. But then it is not one picture out of a hundred that possesses this sublimed character, and the one having it, in-

stead of acquiring a general even and subdued polish, the chances are about forty-nine to one that it is splashed with irregular masses of polish, under which circumstance it had much better have an even and subdued varnish. In the case of a rich and dark work, there can be no question as to whether or not it should be varnished, for though the ultra light one may do passing well without, this would not. In the light one an eighth only might be lost, but in the dark one more than half its force, clearness, and detail, quite independently of its whole tone, would be obscured if not lost to the eye. As a matter of security from injury, varnish again appears to be an absolute necessity; and the slight amber tone imparted to the work as the varnish becomes old, even should it be considered a slight detriment, is more than counterbalanced by the improvement, generally, of the work in all other respects. Most painters again colour a work in anticipation of the future amber hue. Thus, when the pictures of Rubens have been deprived of half a dozen coats of varnish, the public cry is that they have been ruined by the cleaner, and a few years' odium is obliged to be endured until the picture, with its one new coat, shall have again received its normal tone. Rubens painted for this amber tone, and his pictures appear too white while deprived of it.

As glass, in some instances, has been lately adopted to preserve picture surfaces from injury, in lieu of varnish, and as a disposition to continue its use appears to be gaining ground, a few words on its intrinsic merits will not be out of place. As a preserver, it cannot be said that it has not a leg to stand upon, as it really has one, and one only. It may, therefore, be said to be a one-legged defender of the *material* condition of a picture. It is not always, however, a preserver of its beauties, as a newly painted work suffers considerably in colour from the want of free access of atmosphere during its first and second stages, and indeed to some perceptible extent until it has acquired the thoroughly hard if not brittle state, after which glass casing and seclusion from free air may do a picture very little harm, but by no possibility any good. Reynolds has well described the character of tone pervading these secluded pictures, by calling it "a religious tone," the only discrepancy about it being, that it is not every one who would admit the conclusion that religion is either dark, dismal, jaundiced, or melancholy. It must be admitted, however, that where no other mischief results, the tone of these pictures becomes soft, solemn, sober, and subdued; in winning harmony with subdued minds, but very much out of harmony with the sunny temperaments of the present patrons of Fine Art. The tone again of these glass-cased works realises a nice compromise between the old and the new masters, and may possibly do some good to Art generally, if they replace the nobility of this country in their legitimate position as the natural patrons and real protectors of contemporary Art. If any analogy between a beautiful woman and a beautiful picture be admissible, a beautiful picture in a glass case may be compared to a beautiful woman in the possession of a jealous husband. He secludes her from the healthy public haunts, in order to preclude public contact, and obtains for her a yellow and dulled complexion, with no other advantage than the too frequent visit of the physician, in spite of whom vitality languishes, health is interrupted, the wit pales, and energy suspends itself from the want of motive to activity. The picture also becomes dull, assumes a languid tone, loses the full flood of light, and the sharp and

\* Continued from page 3.

trenchant details which secure reflection and the luminous quality in shadows, until, indeed, it seems to be sighing for if only one single day in the sunshine. This single day in the sunshine, by-the-bye, is, if not the only one, one of the best cures for this morbid and "jaunâtre" condition. A picture again in its early state does not progress so rapidly towards its perfectly dry condition, necessary for varnishing, under glass, as when left to the freer action of common atmosphere. Its one "leg to stand on," however, must not be denied or thrown into the shade: it is, that under a glass case (provided it be hermetically closed) the picture does not receive the same quantity of extraneous deposits as it otherwise would. But, on the other hand, as the oleic deposit, certain to develop itself under any circumstances, even under water, must be detached before varnishing, the removal of the extraneous deposit would be effected at the same time. The one leg, therefore, is, after all, but a lame one.

As regards violent mechanical and material injuries, glass and no glass stand on tolerably even ground. The breaking a piece of heavy glass in front of a picture, would effect about as much injury as would the same blow received on the immediate surface of the picture without its glass armour, unless where the splintered edges of a heavy glass may be received so unfortunately as to rip the work as well as scrape the surface, and then the glass would take lower ground and stand at a disadvantage. The only advantage, then, derived from the presence of glass, is the escape from the consequences of blows from sharp instruments not heavy enough to break the glass, but heavy enough to wound the surface of a picture. In estimating the possible injury from other and slighter influences (such as the friction of a duster, whether of fine hair, a soft handkerchief, light and long feathers, or a parlour bellows, together with the occasional touching of hands) they may all be put down as *nil*, as to a new work especially they are calculated to do more good than harm, by creating a necessity for gentle friction.

Immediately touching the slight influences just enumerated, the remark is frequently made when estimating the condition of a work, "It has been merely too scrupulously and carefully kept." As a dissuasive to the use of glass, a very serious one presents itself upon the first glance at a work thus covered. The whole surface becomes more or less that of a mirror, and besides an imperfect reflection of everything in a room coming within the angle of accidence, the reflection of the spectator is sure to occur with a force depending on the depth of the passage under inspection.

The writer was once induced to make a copy of a work of transcendent beauty, by an acknowledged high colourist. In a few months afterwards he again saw the original work in the hands of a collector, with a very fine sheet of plate glass before it. At first he was somewhat surprised by the low tone of the picture, and imagined it might have been a *replica*, but could by no means account (allowing this to be a fact) for some broad streaks of dark in the sky, those streaks certainly not being in the original. He sought an occasion to have this explained, and learnt from the owner that he had obtained it from the original possessor, and from his great admiration of the work (still unvarnished) had, under the advice of the superintendent of his gallery, caused it to be placed under glass. This superintendent should have known better, first, from being a picture dealer, and next, from a perfect knowledge of its being a recently painted work. It ought to be strictly borne in mind, that with a

new work the freest possible admission of air (fresh and uncontaminated air) is a first-rate element to the future sound condition of any work painted in oil; as well as a large amount of light—indeed, anything short of the actual sun-ray—while absolute sunlight for short periods, say, twenty minutes, two, three, or four times a year, would be beneficial to a very perceptible extent. Whatever morbid treatment a picture may be able to endure after it has arrived at the hard state, say thirty or forty years, these points of treatment are absolutely essential during the first three years, at least, of a picture's existence, much more so on the first year than the second, the second than the third year, and the third afterwards.

As regards air, if a picture be covered by glass, it is a very poor and limited current that may be able to insinuate itself through the small openings left for that purpose, sometimes at the bottom of the picture alone, seldom at the top as well, and, it may be said, never at the sides; instead of which, in order to induce an actual circulation, or better still, a straightforward current, every chance should be given to thoroughly aerate the whole picture surface. Air should not only have free ingress, but free and uncontrolled egress on all sides. Mr. Read, from experiences gathered at the new Houses of Parliament, will tell you what an intricate subject general and free circulation is, and how difficult to deal with in some cases. In pressing on the attention of collectors the necessity of thoroughly ventilating the entire surface of a recently painted work, it ought to be merely necessary to say, that the oxidation of the oils is due entirely to the constant passage of pure air over such surface, and that without this perfect oxidation, along with the two pressures already more fully alluded to, perfect siccation would never occur. Perfect siccation is the one thing necessary to procure in order to enable a new and tender work to bear the contractile pull of a varnish. Oxidation is the chemical, and atmospheric and cohesive pressures the mechanical, means by which a picture first becomes dry, then tough, then hard, then brittle, and ultimately friable. In this last state—should it be desirable to prevent the work from resolving itself into dust—it would be necessary to immerse the whole work for a week or fortnight in a shallow tank, two-thirds filled with a dilute copal varnish, so dilute, indeed, as to allow the picture at the end of this time to be taken out, tipped up on end, and run itself dry, with very little varnish remaining on the surface.

The writer in early life, at a period when he devoted six consecutive years to restoring pictures, had a picture consigned to his care in this ultimately friable condition. Contemplating the necessity of some emendations in parts, he, instead of using copal, availed himself of the balsam of Canada, a tough substitute for mastic, and which, when dry, allowed of the removal by friction of the superfluous varnish on the surface. The tank was made air-tight and evaporation prevented by placing a slender lattice-work of wood over the picture, and then covering the whole with a large sheet of drawing-paper, which was firmly pasted over the tank, and afterwards treated with a strong coat of gum-water (arabic). This allowed the varnish to be bottled up again for future use, undeteriorated. The picture was then re-lined, cleaned, and restored, in fact, made good for another five hundred years at the least.

Returning to the subject of glass, then, under any circumstances except those which would render it inadmissible to a well appointed gallery, it is, at any rate, an impediment to the process of drying, and, in many

instances, causes a darkening of some of the pigments used by modern painters.

It is suggested now as a thing of the utmost importance that every collector of pictures, whether his gallery be estimated as worth either little or much, should elect some highly intelligent person to periodically inspect and report on the state of the whole collection. If he be a restorer of high probity as well as intelligence, well; if he be a painter also, so much the better, particularly if the collection consist of many modern works, for it is difficult to find a professional restorer who knows anything about a recently painted work at all worth knowing. The simple cleaning, or, at least, the removal of the varnish from such a work, is generally found to be quite beyond their power, and the infliction of incalculable injury is the general result to a modern picture going through their hands. The merely varnishing a modern picture, as conducted by either a professional picture restorer or a picture-frame maker, is attended by nearly an equal amount of danger, both being, in most instances, the one as profoundly ignorant as the other of the actual chemical or mechanical condition of the object they may have to operate on, and the absolute requirements of such a work at different times, between its completion and the following ten years. Such a periodical inspection could be obtained at from £10 a year upwards, and would be calculated to arrest decay and ruin in their incipient stages, instead of allowing a full-blown injury to burst on them unawares. It is a provision readily accorded to a horse or a house, and why not to a picture? Many a picture gallery of an intrinsic value of £20,000 has, for want of this attention, deteriorated to one of £10,000, and has had many hundred years curtailed from the possible term of its matured existence. At present it is usual to compute the possible existence of a picture as one of a few hundred years, while there is no reason to show that it might not be as many thousands. The climate of this country is most admirably adapted to the longevity of works in oil with an extra protection of varnish, though it may be somewhat too humid for fresco, and too charged with free and floating carbon, and consequently coal-tar, for wax painting.

#### ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

THE year opens for this society bright with the promise of prosperity. The annual receipts have reached a maximum of nearly £3,500; the publications issued in the course of the last twelve months have been large in number, and, for the most part, excellent in quality; and the subscribing members, now exceeding 1,500, have augmented so considerably, and even inconveniently, that the council has been compelled to set limits to their further increase, so that henceforth admission to the ranks of the Arundel Society is a privilege which may be desired by the many, but can be enjoyed only by the fortunate few. This almost unlooked-for prosperity has given to the managers a proportionate accession of power; and accordingly we find, as we have said, the immediate future of this association bright in no ordinary promise. The collection of drawings from the frescoes in Italy and from some few of the masterworks of northern Europe, is continually on the increase. The special artist of the society has been engaged in making copies of three of the finest mural paintings, by Fra Angelico, in the Convent of S. Marco, Florence; drawings, also, have been already taken from the important series of frescoes, executed by Fra Filippo Lippi, in the Cathedral of Prato; and four of the most lovely, yet elaborate, compositions of Luini in the neighbourhood of Milan, have been added to

the collection. The famed church of St. Francis, at Assisi, rich in rare works by masters of the fourteenth century, has also been laid under contribution. A commission has likewise been given for the execution of two drawings from the great frescoes, by Raphael, in the stanze of the Vatican. And then leaving Italy and travelling northward, we are informed that an artist has been sent to Bruges to copy a triptych, by Memling, in the Hospital of St. John. Such is the future career of this enterprising society, which holds out to its members the assurance that each one of these carefully executed drawings shall be translated faithfully into lithographic fac-similes, and be thus presented from year to year as handsome returns for the annual subscriptions. In this way, subscribers like ourselves, reaching over many successive years, find at length their portfolios furnished, even as a well-selected gallery, with a historic series of choicest works, recalling the memory of past days spent in pleasant travel, storing the mind with forms of beauty, and giving to the intellect of the student abundant material for critical inquiry.

That a task so arduous could be executed with absolute or uniform success, it were unreasonable to expect. In turning over the collected publications of the last five or six years, now before us, we come, indeed, upon certain chromolithographs which assuredly fall far below the high standard which the Arundel Society has now taught the public to expect. Among later works we have to deplore the corruption of the grey shadows by the intrusion of more or less positive tones of blue, and even of green. This error, which was apparent in the rendering of the 'Madonna del Sacco,' becomes still more painfully obtrusive in a head from a fresco by Masolino, expressly issued for a fac-simile of the original. One more defect we would point out, analogous in its cause to the preceding—a certain inchoate crudity in the colour. Although it is some time since we have had the pleasure of examining the frescoes by Francia, in the church of S. Cecilia, in Bologna, we feel that we may state with confidence that the backgrounds of the original works do not abound in the discordant greens which have been inserted in the copies now before us. These reproductions of two supremely lovely compositions, the Marriage and the Burial of St. Cecilia, we are sorry to regard as among the least felicitous of the many labours of the society. They are specially wanting in delicate greys, in those transition tones upon which harmony and unity essentially depend. Hence chromolithographs which err in this direction, being inevitably glaring and gaudy, have naturally provoked hostile criticism, so that the cry is now raised that the Arundel Society, not content to reproduce Italian frescoes as they are, has ambitiously embarked on the enterprise of restoring the colours as they were. The question thus mooted has often struck us when walking through the galleries and churches of Italy, as difficult fairly to adjust. We believe that in the copying of every work points of perplexity must arise, which can only be left to the discretion and good taste of the artist himself to overcome as best he may. For the copyist of a fresco to transcribe the accidental scratch of a nail across the mortar, would be surely as servile an act as that committed by the Chinese potter who reproduced in a hundredfold the crack on a plate sent from Europe as a pattern. We think that the animadversion to which we have alluded would never have been made had not the eyes of connoisseurs and critics been shocked by the startling freshness of colour against which we have ventured to protest. Painters, we all know, are again and again enjoined not to overstep the modesty of nature—an injunction specially hard upon the tyros in Art. And so we would say to the copyists in the service of the Arundel Society, do not venture to overreach the simplicity of the early Italian masters. Remember that these men were not required to paint up to exhibition pitch; the repose in which they loved to dwell was far removed from all sensational contrast and surprise.

Yet, notwithstanding this shortcoming of absolute perfection, the recent publications of the Arundel Society attain, in good degree, the rare qualities of their great originals. It must be admitted that the series from the Brancacci Chapel, Florence, now steadily advancing towards com-

pletion, comprising famed masterworks by Masolino, Masaccio, and Lippi, will constitute a most valuable contribution to the history of Italian Art. Every reader of Vasari, every student who has taken up, even the most rudimentary account of the rise of the Italian schools, knows that these frescoes came in at that most critical point,—the transition from an archaic style to the free and full development attained by the great masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. These were the very works, in fact, which ushered in a new era in the practice of painting. In these compositions do we trace, almost for the first time, the deliberate study of the nude form; in these figures do we find a force, an individual character, and a well-rounded and firmly-modelled relief, which were wholly beyond the reach of a previous epoch, and of earlier masters. The personification of St. Paul especially rises to a dignity to which it is well known that even Raphael was willing to become a debtor in his cartoon of the preaching at Athens. Other similar, and scarcely less interesting examples, might be pointed out to show how, in the history of Art, century is linked to century, master to pupil, and school to school, so that in the collective growth we get a completed cycle, and through successive developments, arrive at a full manifestation of the pictorial truth and beauty which, ever in transition, pass on from phase to phase in their struggle towards perfection. Each separate work indeed, like to each individual in the genus man, may be aberrant, but collective Art in the wide sweep of its history, even as humanity, becomes noble, massing itself into a breadth wherein imperfections are but accidents; and this, which might be averred of the schools of almost any country, is emphatically true of the great epochs of Italian painting, which the Arundel Society has specially essayed to illustrate.

The works now in progress may be classed under the distinct heads, and often opposing schools, of the naturalists and the spiritualists. Among the latter we must rank one of the most lovely of the many works of Fra Angelico, 'The Annunciation,' from the Convent of St. Marco. Having tested this reproduction by close comparison with an engraving in our possession, which has always been deemed faithful, we can speak to the scrupulous care with which this chromolithograph has been executed. Then turning to the contrasted style, we have in 'The Conversion of the Sorcerer,' from a fresco by Mantegna, in Padua, a trenchant example of the directly naturalistic school. This chromolithograph, though a little hard, but, therefore, perhaps all the more like to the original, is worthy of much commendation for the accuracy of its drawing, and the consequent precision with which individual character, a distinguishing trait in this master, has been caught and firmly pronounced. Benozzo Gozzoli was a painter who lay on the frontier, dividing the two schools in sunder. As a disciple of Fra Angelico, he pertained to the spiritualists, but when painting the fresco of St. Augustine preaching, of which the Arundel Society has given a happy rendering, he brought to his aid that knowledge of the world, that observation of individual conditions of mind, and their corresponding expression through the features, which constitute the strength of the naturalistic school. The Arundel Society has assuredly accomplished a good end in thus enabling the student, and even the public at large—who care not to labour, yet object not to receive instruction when put in a pleasing form—we say that this society has fulfilled a noble mission when it thus puts the untravelled Englishman in a position to judge of the merits and to enjoy the beauty and profit by the truth of these great and good works, which have rendered Italy of the middle ages an example to all succeeding times. The primary object of this association, as we have seen, is to illustrate the history of Art through her monuments. We trust that the council will resist the snares which sometimes beguile from the stern path of duty, tempting to a popularity, often but too easily earned, and prosecute with fidelity the noble purpose for which the society was founded—that of raising the taste of the multitude through the superior knowledge of the cultured few.

J. B. A.

## OBITUARY.

### MR. J. D. HARDING.

THERE are few, if any, men who would be more missed out of the sphere of Art than will be Mr. Harding, whose death, briefly announced in our last number, occurred, at his residence at Barnes, on the 4th of December. For nearly two months prior to this event he was suffering from illness, the result of a cold, caught whilst sketching in Kent, striking upon a vital organ, but till within a very few days of his decease he had gradually been getting better. The rupture of a blood-vessel, however, subsequently occurring, death from haemorrhage speedily ensued. He was in his sixty-seventh year, having been born at Deptford in 1797.

On two former occasions, namely, in 1850, when we introduced a portrait of him, and in 1856, when he formed the subject of our series of papers on "British Artists," the life and works of Mr. Harding were passed in review; it is unnecessary to travel over the same ground again, but now that he is gone, the memory of his talents and worth deserve something more than could be said of them with propriety while he lived.

Looking at him beyond the walls of the galleries where his pictures were exhibited, there can be no hesitation in asserting that no artist of his time has done so much to create a love of landscape-painting, and to diffuse a right knowledge of it, as Harding—he was emphatically a great Teacher. Thoroughly conversant with the most recondite principles of Art theoretically, a close and ardent student of nature in all her varied moods and aspects, and a perfect master of his pencil, he added to these qualifications one even more important in the course he pursued, a peculiar aptitude and facility in imparting to others what he himself knew. And it was his delight to do this; far from keeping his knowledge to himself, he was ever ready to disclose all the mysteries of his craft without reserve, especially to young men of his profession, and to amateurs; no small portion of his valuable time being often occupied in answering correspondents who applied to him for information, the writers being, not unfrequently, persons who only were acquainted with him through his works, and the reputation attached to his name for courtesy and liberality in connection with his art.

They who remember the first introduction of lithography into this country, and the productions to which it then gave rise, and who watched its progress for the next following twenty years or longer, know well how largely Mr. Harding contributed to perfect the art. He at once saw in it a most valuable ally in the propagation of knowledge, and that in time it must work a complete revolution in the system and practice of teaching. With this conviction he immediately applied himself to the task of developing its power for usefulness; and, guided by his acquired theoretical knowledge, he, in time, sent forth to the world those valuable instructive treatises which have become text-books not only in our own Art-schools, from the highest to the lowest, but also in those of France, Germany, and other continental states, of America, and even in eastern countries. His "Principles and Practice of Art," "Lessons on Art," "Lessons on Trees," "Sketches at Home and Abroad," his numerous little books of "Studies" for beginners, gained for him the highest eulogium from foreign artists of eminence, and a hearty, almost reverential, welcome among every artistic association he chanced to visit abroad. In the schools of Paris especially, which he often visited, he had always an enthusiastic reception from professors and students. At the *Exposition des Beaux Arts* in 1855, he was the only English landscape-painter, *out of the Royal Academy*, who obtained any distinctive recognition; his pictures received "Honourable Mention." While referring to his lithographic productions, we must not forget to mention the last he brought out, 'Picturesque Selections,' in which an entirely new method is employed to give the appearance of an original drawing in black and white chalk; so skilfully is this effected as generally to deceive the most practised eye; nine persons out of ten turning over the contents of a portfolio in which some of these prints were

mixed with actual sketches from nature, would not be able to discover any difference.

Though Mr. Harding failed, from some cause or other, to found in London a school for "teaching teachers how to teach," his "system" was adopted by a pupil at Manchester, who has there a studio for classes, which is working most successfully; and there is another in Paris, under the direction of M. Casanne, whose testimony of obligation to our countryman is most flattering. It would, in fact, be difficult to find any drawing-master in Great Britain of any repute, who does not owe his success in teaching to what he has learned from Mr. Harding.

We have spoken of his extraordinary power of handling the lead-pencil, which he was accustomed to use freely in sketching from nature, instead of the brush and palette. He justified the practice on the ground that it is possible to take time while *drawing* from nature, and hence to study more completely the forms of objects, their light and shade, and their value in the composition; in short, all that renders them attractive and pleasing, except colour. Where the brush is used, all this must often be compressed, especially in water-colours, into a single stroke—a much more difficult operation, if accuracy, and not merely dashing effect, is an object worth seeking; on his power to *draw* he always rested his power to *paint*. His cartoons for pictures in black and white chalk, with a little coloured crayon, are most masterly, and have never, so far as our observation extends, been equalled in England; they resemble in landscape art what the old painters of figure-subjects executed as studies for their pictures. He has left behind him a large number of these most valuable sketches, or ideas.

Critics who speak of Mr. Harding, as some do, only as a first-rate teacher of drawing, form a wrong estimate of his talents, and show they possess little knowledge of what constitutes the true artist; he certainly was not a great colourist, owing, perhaps, to what has just been said regarding his practice of sketching from nature; his colouring sometimes is hard and rather cold, but in every other quality his pictures yield to none of his contemporaries: witness his view of 'The Alps between Lecco and Como,' 'Angers on the Loire,' both oil-paintings, and his two water-colour pictures, 'The Park,' and 'The Falls of Schaffhausen,' all in the International Exhibition of 1862, with many others which we have no space to particularise. Like Turner, though after a manner entirely different, he always, in his greatest and more studied compositions, aimed at aerial perspective, and the rendering of *space*. He invariably connected the craving which exists, more or less, in the minds of everyone, for a "prospect," with the innate consciousness of a "future"—for an expanded sphere of vision and of action; in short, with the immortal nature of man. Mr. Ruskin, with all his Pre-Raphaelitish sympathies, could appreciate the truth and excellence of Harding's painting; in the first volume of "Modern Painters," he eulogises his work in the most enthusiastic terms, which it well deserves. The versatility of Harding's practice was very remarkable; it mattered not to him whether he held in his hand a piece of chalk or charcoal, or a brush dipped in oil-colour or water-colour, he used each with equal skill and equal effect.

The opinions he held on the purposes of Art and the great controversy of the day, *Imitation versus Representation*, were, that of all the various materials employed in Art, none are supremely excellent; all are capable, in skilful hands, of conveying vivid and varied impressions; that which constitutes genuine Art resides not in *them*; it is to the intelligence which selects, and the skill that uses, them, we must look for our gratification in the result. Bold and masterly as were his representations of nature, he was one of the last men to disregard or undervalue accuracy of detail, and to rely solely upon producing what is termed "a striking effect," without attempting to give individuality to separate objects.

How it was that the talents and labours of Mr. Harding were never recognised by the Royal Academy is one of those strange facts the mysteries of which it is impossible for one outside of the building, so to speak, to penetrate. For several years his name stood on the books of the

Society as a candidate, yet he gained no admittance even into the lower rank. The rejection of his well-earned claim could not have resulted from a superabundance of landscape-painters already in the Academy, for the only members at the time were Messrs. Creswick, Lee, Stanfield, and Witherington, and among the Associates only Messrs. Sidney Cooper, and Cooke, while some of these scarcely come into the category of landscape-painters *proper*. An artist with a worldwide reputation, earned in a field where energy and perseverance were allied with genius, a man of action, possessing large sympathies with Art and artists, with a mind full, also, of varied information, a gentleman in every sense of the word—such a man would have reflected lustre on the Academy as great, if not greater, than the Academy could confer on him. But he is gone down to the grave with no other honours than those derived from a lifetime lovingly devoted to his profession, yet his name and his works will long survive to tell that we have had among us no every-day artist, and no ordinary man.

#### MR. SAMUEL LINES.

We are indebted to the *Midland Counties Herald* for the following facts connected with the career of this artist, whose death was briefly announced in our last number.

Mr. Lines, the able and successful instructor of several generations of Birmingham Art-students, was born at Allersby, near Coventry, in or about the year 1778. Having, while young, lost both his parents, he was placed under the charge of an uncle, whom he assisted in his occupation of a farmer and grazier. While so engaged, about 1791 or 1792, the sight of a portrait of George III., by Lawrence, developed a love of Art which until then circumstances were powerless to eradicate, and a year or two later his uncle, yielding to the inclination of the youth, placed him with a clock-dial enameller and decorator at Birmingham. When the term of apprenticeship had expired, he employed himself in designing for Mr. Clay, an extensive manufacturer of papier mache works, and also in making designs for the die-engravers of Birmingham. At length, in 1807, Mr. Lines opened a school for drawing in Newhall Street, and then entered upon his lengthened and useful career as a teacher, in which he continued till health failed him; among his pupils were Mr. Creswick, R.A., the late Mr. Wyon, R.A., the late Mr. J. T. Willmore, A.R.A., and Mr. Joseph Goodyear, both eminent engravers. In 1847, a large body of his pupils, to the number of two hundred and fifty, united to acknowledge their obligations to him by the presentation of a costly testimonial. This piece of plate represented the "Third Labour of Hercules," copied from an antique design found in the house of Sallust, at Pompeii. His occupation as a teacher, and his connection with the Birmingham Society of Arts and the Society of Artists, left Mr. Lines little leisure for the exercise of his own pencil, but examples of his talents as a landscape-painter are to be found in various collections in Birmingham and its neighbourhood.

#### MR. EDWARD RADCLYFFE.

The name of this engraver, some of whose works have appeared in the *Art-Journal*, must be known to our subscribers; his death took place, at his residence at Camden Town, in November last.

Like the artist of whom we have just written, Mr. Radclyffe was long connected with Birmingham, where he was born about the year 1810, and where his father, a landscape engraver of some celebrity in the Midland Counties, lived. On his coming to London some years ago, he did not, as most young provincial engravers are accustomed to do, enter the studio of any eminent practitioner, but at once commenced work on his own account for the annuals and other illustrated books of a good class. The plates he executed for us were, 'Morning on the Sea-coast,' after F. R. Lee, R.A.; 'The Fount in the Desert,' after H. Warren; 'The Waterfall,' after Zucchielli; 'Europa,' and 'The Beacon Tower,' after Claude. Among his latest works was a series of clever etchings from subjects by David Cox, issued as a "prize" by the Art-Union of London.

#### SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS BIRCHALL, ESQ.,  
RIBBLETON HALL, PRESTON.

##### PURITY.

H. O'Neil, A.R.A., Painter. H. Bourne, Engraver.

WHETHER this picture is, or is not, the portrait of some member of Mr. Birchall's family, we cannot tell; but it is, in all probability, that of some lady represented "in character." However this may be, it is unquestionably a fine specimen of "fancy" portraiture, using the term as significant of its ideal treatment, which is not unlike some of the portraits of the Italian painters of the Titian and Tintoretto schools; that is to say, it is treated classically but not conventionally. The head is noble in expression, the features handsome rather than beautiful, the pose of the figure easy and not undignified, the drapery simple and pictorially arranged. The long, flowing hair is twined with wreaths of the "forget-me-not," and in her left hand she holds a sceptre of lilies, emblematic of "purity." The conception of the figure, as a whole, is bold yet graceful; still, examining it critically, we seem at a loss to find a motive for such a fixed, earnest gaze, because, even in a portrait, there should be something in, or assumed to be in, the picture to account for any particular expression. With the face turned towards us we might consider the individual as conversing with the spectator, either by look or word; but seen in profile, with the figure placed in an open landscape, and elevated much above it, there is clearly nothing upon which those eyes could rest so intently but the sky, which, it may be argued—and we are not disposed to deny the assertion—affords ample scope for contemplation to every admirer of nature; and, possibly, the lady whom we have here can say with the poet—

"And often the thoughts of my heart find peace  
In watching the passing clouds."

Mr. O'Neil has made rapid advances in popular favour within the last four or five years; his 'Eastward Ho!' exhibited in 1858, led the way in this onward progress. The public mind was then filled with thoughts of the Crimean war, and the artist in that picture was fortunate enough to hit upon a subject that particularly commended itself to popular feeling and sympathy. It was a well-painted work, moreover; the incidents and characters natural and intelligible to everybody; all could understand what was going on there, what thoughts were passing through the minds of the busy throngs leaning over the sides of the transport ship, or finding their way, sadly and slowly, to her deck. The companion picture, 'Home Again,' exhibited in the year following, though a clever and interesting work, was, perhaps, less successful—principally, it may be presumed, because the excitement of the war had passed away, and also because the subject does not admit of such variety of attractive incident as seems naturally to belong to the other. It is certain, however, that these two pictures procured the artist's election, in 1860, as an Associate member of the Royal Academy.

A far more important work than either of these—and of any Mr. O'Neil has since produced—is 'Mary Stuart's Farewell to France.' Historically truthful it undoubtedly is not; but regarding it simply as a pictorial pageant, so to speak, it is a gorgeous scene: the characters are well placed upon the canvas, the costumes are rich, the colouring is brilliant and luminous. Better, in our opinion, than any of his previous efforts, this picture entitled the artist to the academical honour bestowed on him.

Going back to an earlier period of his career, we remember some of Mr. O'Neil's paintings which gained for themselves a notice they well deserved. Such, for example, were his 'Mozart's Last Moments,' exhibited in 1849; 'King Ahasuerus' in 1851; 'Ophelia, with the King, Queen, and Laertes,' a scene from *Hamlet*, in 1852; 'Katharine's Dream,' in 1853; and 'Marguerite and Faust,' in the following year. These, and others, showed the artist to be on the high road to ultimate distinction—that distinction which, in part at least, he has already won.



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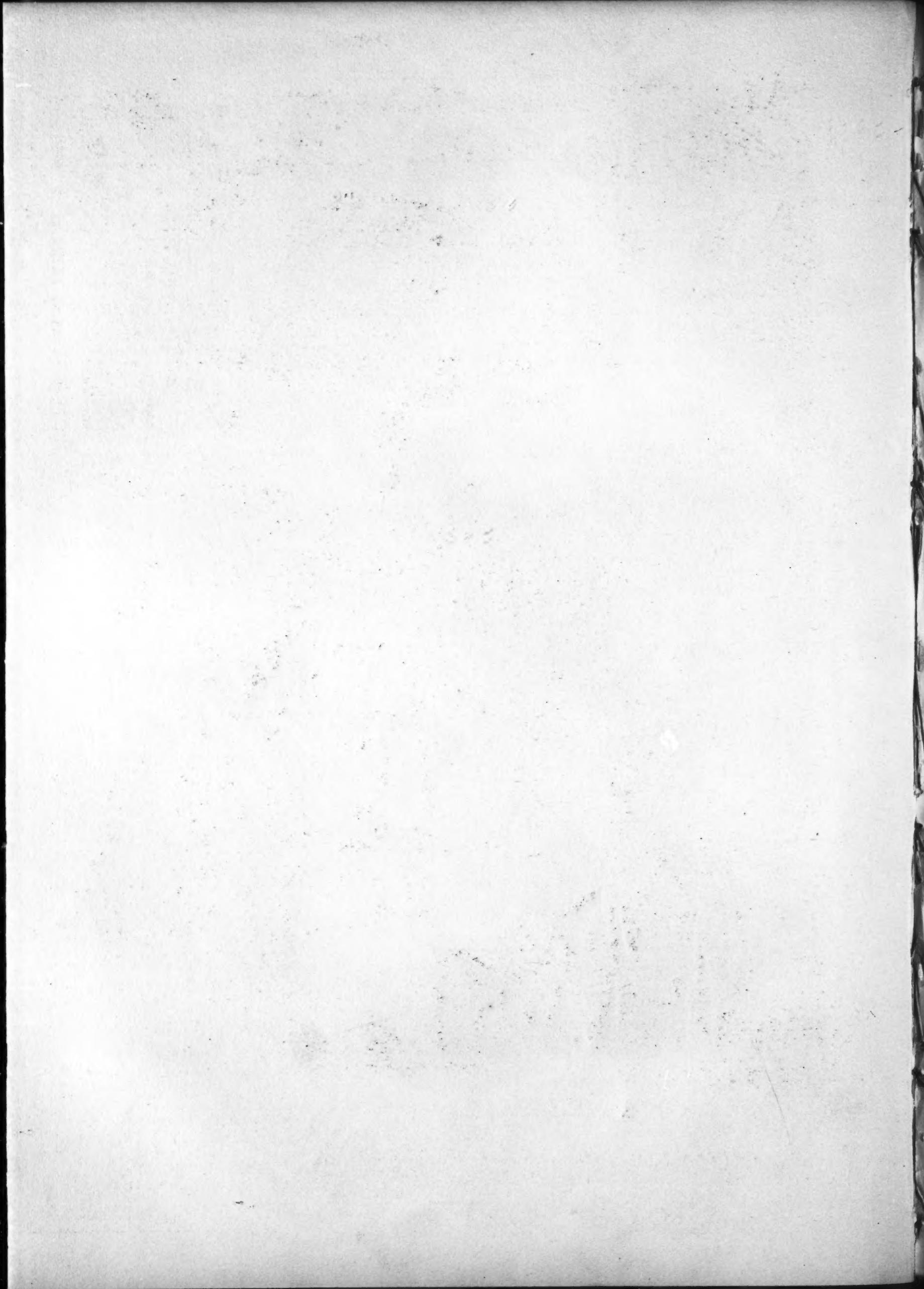
H. O'NEIL. A.R.A. PINX.

H. BOURNE. SCULPT.

### PURITY.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF T. BIRCHALL, ESQ. RIBBLETON HALL, PRESTON.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.



BRITISH ARTISTS:  
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.  
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LXIX.—LOUIS WILLIAM DESANGES.



ENGLAND has long been, and may she ever continue to be, an ark of safety to the men of other nations, in the hour of political adversity. In some respects this opening of our doors widely to all comers has its disadvantages, as bringing among us, not unfrequently, many restless and turbulent spirits, whose sole object at home was to create anarchy and confusion for their own selfish purposes; but, on the other hand, our free soil has often attracted hither multitudes of worthy men, men of good report in every way, honest men, and men of genius, who have settled down by our sides in honourable citizenship, and who, either in themselves or their descendants, have added to the wealth and high reputation of our country.

The Marquis Desanges was one of many families of the old French *noblesse* whom the numerous political disturbances of the last century compelled to voluntary exile. He took refuge in England in 1742, and became naturalised here. His great grandson is Louis William Desanges, so well known as the painter of the "Victoria Cross Gallery." He was born in London in 1822, and at the age of six was taken by his parents to Florence, where he received his first drawing-lesson, the family remaining there for two years. In 1831 he returned to England, and was sent to Hazlewood School at Birmingham, whence, at the expiration of a year, he was transferred to Hall Place School, Bexley, Kent, where he remained six years, continuing his drawing studies under the direction of Mr. James Stone, son of the principal, and a pupil of John Varley: to Mr. Stone the late A. L. Egg, R.A., and many young men who have since attained high rank in the military and naval service of the country were also indebted for their early instruction in drawing. At the age of sixteen Mr. Desanges went to France, and studied for a short time under Grobon, at Lyons. After again visiting Florence, and extending this time his travels to Rome and Naples, he returned to England in 1845. It was about this period that the artists of our country were called upon to compete for the honour of decorating the newly-erected Houses of Parliament with pictures; Mr. Desanges cast in his lot with the others, by sending an oil-painting to Westminster Hall, but he failed to secure a prize.

In 1847, as many of our readers must remember, a number of artists, considering that a fair opportunity for the exhibition of their works was not allowed to them at the Royal Academy and other long-established galleries, tried the experiment of opening, first at the Egyptian Hall, and secondly at the "Chinese Gallery," Knightsbridge, a Free Art-Exhibition, which, after three or four seasons, was removed to Portland Street, and took the successive titles of the "Portland Gallery" and the "National Institution." This society died a natural death in 1862, though during the greater part of its existence visitors could only obtain admission by payment. The truth is, it never had in it elements to command success in the face of older and well-accredited societies, though among its supporters were several artists of good repute, whose works are now valuable. During two years

of its infancy Mr. Desanges contributed to it, sending several pictures which attracted at the time our favourable notice; among them 'The Sleeping Fountain,' 'Cupid,' and 'Psyche,' two small compositions, showing the figures in different relations—both works powerful in colour, and very charming in effect; a 'Bacchante,' a female head wearing a coronal of grapes and vine-leaves, originally and beautifully treated; and a far more important work than either of these, 'The Excommunication of Robert, King of France, and his Queen, Bertha,' a large composition, thronged with figures of great variety of character, all powerfully expressive, and many energetic in action; each individual figure is strikingly embodied, and everywhere the eye is gratified by an effect at once ingenuous and telling.

There are not, however, many young artists who can afford to wait—or, if they can, care to wait—till the public recognises their merits as historical painters in a substantial way; and though Mr. Desanges had, we believe, no cause to complain that his pictures were always returned on his hands, he thought proper to turn his attention to portraiture, a determination induced, perhaps, by the fact that he had already secured the favourable notice of many members of the aristocracy, especially of the ladies. He had exhibited, in 1846, at the Academy a portrait of young lady, but did not make his appearance again in the same gallery till 1851, when he sent a portrait of the Duchess of Manchester. From this period till the last exhibition, almost each successive year has seen two or three works of this kind from his easel; among which have been portraits of the Duchess of Montrose, Lady Olivia Ossulston, the Marquis of Graham, eldest son of the Duke of Montrose, Lady Bolton, Lady Greenock, the children of Lord and Lady Bolton—a charming little fanciful picture of two children dressing up a kitten, and a far more pleasing and natural manner of painting portraits of young boys and girls than dressing them up in their best for the artist—the Viscountess Folkstone, the Hon. Mrs. John Dundas, the Viscountess Glamis, Miss Thorold, Lady Palk, the Hon. Lady Abercromby the infant daughter of Lord and Lady Londesborough, under the title of 'The Golden Age,' Miss Drummond Davis, the Hon. A. L. Powlett, Mrs. Forbes Winslow, and many others.

As a portrait-painter Mr. Desanges takes a very high position; there is, in truth, scarcely one of our living artists who ought to be preferred before him; his female portraits, especially, are both dignified and graceful, and refined in feeling and expression, qualities enhanced by simplicity of composition, for it is rarely one sees in them anything more than the figure itself in "its own loveliness," nothing, that is, in the way of embellishing the picture, without adding to the interest and truth of the *portrait*. As an example, we have engraved, under the title of 'AN ENGLISH LADY,' a very charming portrait exhibited at the Academy not long since. In 1854 the artist sent to the Academy a large equestrian portrait of Victor Emanuel, but, from some cause not explained, it was not hung; it was, however, sent afterwards to Nice, and placed in the Hotel de Ville there.

From the contemplation of the principal works just alluded to—faces that win love, and admiration, and all chivalric feeling by their beauty, their sweetness, and their purity—to the contemplation of the chivalry of the battle-field, would not, in the olden time, have been thought a strange transition of the mind; nor need it be so now, although "ships, colonies, and commerce" is our national motto at the present time, and has long been so; the

rise and fall in the price of stocks, shares, and produce, serving as a "war-cry" to the greater part of the community, instead of "St. George to the rescue." Still, amidst the absorbing commercial spirit of the age, when the war-summons goes forth through the land, thousands are ready to obey it, as willing to do or die as were the mailed knights and men-at-arms of old. On the plains of the Crimea, and the arid sands of



Engraved by]

AN ENGLISH LADY.

[R. S. Marriott.

India, the blood of Britain's best and bravest warriors has been freely shed, and the heroism of some of them Mr. Desanges has immortalised on pages of glowing canvas. Very shortly after her Majesty—true queen, and true woman also—had entertained and carried out the noble idea of instituting the Order of the Victoria Cross, open to the highest as well as the lowest soldier or sailor in her service, it occurred to the artist to paint a series of pictures illustrating the principal actions for which this most enviable distinction was awarded. It was a bold and patriotic idea—however it may also have been a labour of love—because it inevitably must entail a large immediate sacrifice of time and money, while the success of the venture, as a profitable investment of both, was at the best very problematical; this, however, we shall refer to presently. In pursuance of his plan, Mr. Desanges, in 1859, opened an exhibition at the Egyptian Hall of twenty-four pictures, large and small; he has subsequently added to them till the number has now reached fifty, the whole of which has for the last year or two afforded one of the greatest attractions of the Crystal Palace, where the artist has allowed them to remain. These pictures have so frequently been spoken of in the columns of our Journal, that it would only be a repetition of words to speak of them again in detail; engravings of two of the series are introduced here.

The first is 'COLONEL H. TOMBS, C.B., AND LIEUTENANT JAMES HILLS AT DELHI.' On the 9th of July, 1857, the latter was on picket duty with two guns—both officers belonged to the Bengal Artillery—at the mound to the right of the camp. There was a rumour that the enemy's cavalry was coming down on the post, and Lieutenant Hills proceeded to take up the position assigned in case of alarm; but before he reached the spot he saw the enemy close upon his guns. Having given a rapid order to his sergeant, Lieutenant Hills boldly charged single-handed the head of the enemy's column, cut the first man down, struck the second, and was then ridden down, horse and all. On rising he was attacked by three of the enemy; one he despatched, another he wounded, and having fallen in the struggle with the third, would inevitably have lost his life, but for the almost miraculous intervention of Colonel Tombs, who, having crossed the path of the enemy's cavalry, and having escaped apparently certain death in so doing, shot one of the remaining assailants, and is represented in the picture as about to cut down the other. Both officers are decorated with the Victoria Cross.

The other is 'CAPTAIN WILLIAM N.W. HEWITT, R.N., BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.' The incident it illustrates is this. On the occasion of a repulse of a Russian sortie by Sir De Lacy Evans's division, on the 26th of October,



Engraved by]

COLONEL HENRY TOMBS, C.B., AND LIEUTENANT JAMES HILLS AT DELHI.

[R. S. Marriott.

1854, Mr. Hewitt, then acting mate of the *Beagle*, was in charge of the right Lancaster battery before Sebastopol. The advance of the Russians placed the gun in great jeopardy, their skirmishers advancing within three hundred yards of the battery, and pouring in a sharp fire from their Minié rifles. By some misapprehension the word was passed to spike the gun, and retreat; but Mr. Hewitt, taking upon himself the responsibility of disregarding the order, replied that "Such order did not come from Captain Lushington, and he would not obey till it did." He then pulled down the parapet of the battery, and, with the assistance of some soldiers, got his gun round, and poured upon the advancing Russians a most destructive and effective fire. For the gallantry he exhibited on this occasion, the Board of Admiralty promoted him to the rank of lieutenant. On the 5th of November, in the same year, the heroic conduct of this young officer at the battle of Inkermann, was also brought to the notice of the naval commander-in-chief. Captain Hewitt, for he has now attained that rank, was one of the earliest on whom the Victoria Cross was conferred. The picture may be described simply as a fine full-length portrait of the sailor-hero standing boldly and defiantly beside the huge Lancaster gun, and encouraging his men.

We have intimated that this series of war pictures was a venture on

the part of the artist, but it is one of great national interest, and ought to be therefore duly recognised and appropriated by the country. The painter should not be left to lament the loss of years of labour, for time is money to every artist who, as Mr. Desanges, can employ it advantageously in other channels; besides, the execution of these works has actually cost, as we once heard him say, "a small fortune." England, we well know, requires not pictorial representations of heroic deeds to animate her sons to similar acts of valour and self-devotion; but they serve to keep alive the memories of true patriotism, and are also valuable records of history. In France, and in some other continental countries, such an idea as Mr. Desanges has originated, and, so far, successfully carried out, would have been, in all probability, taken up by the government, and continued under its authority. What a gallery of battle-pieces does Versailles show! and how numerous were the actual commissions given by the authorities of France to Horace Vernet! and why should not England have her gallery of war-pictures too? for which this series would form an admirable nucleus, well authenticated and true, because they are painted from descriptions given by the men whose actions are commemorated and whose portraits introduced are from the life. When the individuals themselves were unable, from the hurry and confusion of battle, to supply accurate information of details, it has

been afforded by their friends and companions-in-arms who were spectators of the scenes. It will be a reflection on our patriotism if the "Victoria Cross Gallery" be left in the hands of the artist, to be dispersed, in all probability, after his death, for the benefit of his "heirs and assigns."

From a printed circular, dated "Junior United Service Club," which has come accidentally into our hands, we are well pleased to see that an endeavour is being made to preserve the collection intact, and for the public benefit. It is proposed to raise a sum of money among the officers and men of the two services—who, in our opinion, ought to be the last persons called upon to contribute—for the purchase of the pictures. The document says—"The brevity of the preamble of the new Order perhaps hardly does full justice to the deeds of the members. 'Conspicuous acts of valour' do not neces-

sarily imply any higher quality than bravery in confronting enemies, whereas Mr. Desanges's Catalogue briefly describes acts marked by every noble quality of which our nature is capable. These are not merely valiant combatants, but warm-hearted, kindly, self-sacrificing human beings, always ready to rescue any one in peril at their own risk. . . . This reward of heroism," alluding to the Victoria Cross decoration, "irrespective of rank or profession, comes with peculiar grace from a British queen. The nation can now best show its gratitude for this unsolicited boon by also doing its best to foster an elevated tone of feeling in all. The noble deeds of the Victoria Cross heroes, when once recorded in the *Gazette*, run a great chance of being forgotten, and crumpled up, with the paper itself. But this small collection of pictures affords us an easy opportunity of publicly prolonging



Engraved by

CAPTAIN WILLIAM N. W. HEWITT, R.N., BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

[R. S. Marriott.

a record of their deeds. Whether we care much or little about Art, such pictures form the nucleus of an entirely novel collection, a pictorial *Gazette*, improving to the living and invaluable to their successors. The consideration of such deeds not only elevates the mind, but gives us a just pride in our countrymen. Let us not hesitate, then, in keeping these works together; let us prove ourselves worthy of our noble Queen's idea, by aiding her in perpetuating it."

The writer, who states he has no other object in originating the scheme than public grounds, and has long since retired from the service, is of opinion that if the plan be carried out, it is scarcely too much to expect that government will eventually find room for the collection in any National Gallery which may be hereafter erected, "publicity and accessibility being

essential to the treating her Majesty's grand idea with due honour." The sum required to be raised for the purchase of the pictures is, we believe, small, compared with what they have cost the artist in time, labour, and actual expenditure; it may, therefore, be confidently anticipated that, when the project has become widely known, it will receive such support as the works deserve as national memorials, and also as pictures of great merit.

In 1862 Mr. Desanges exhibited at the Royal Academy 'The Battle of Inkermann,' the moment selected being that when the struggle in the Sandbag battery was being desperately maintained by the small number of British troops against an overwhelming host of the enemy before the French support came up: it is a vigorous and animated composition, painted with very considerable power.

JAMES DAFFORNE.



## FEBRUARY.

, 1	M.	Hilary Term ends. Institute of British
2	TU.	[Architects. Meeting.
3	W.	Society of Arts. Meeting. [Meeting.
4	TU.	R. A. Lecture on Archit. Soc. of Antiqs.
5	F.	
6	S.	
7	SH.	[Moon. 6h. 9m. P.M.
8	M.	Quinquagesima. Shrove Sunday. New
9	TU.	Shrove Tuesday.
10	W.	Ash Wednesday. Society of Arts. Meeting.
11	TU.	R. A. Lecture on Archit. Soc. of Antiqs.
12	F.	[Meeting.
13	S.	[Moon's First Quarter. 1h. 24m. P.M.
14	SH.	First Sunday in Lent. Quadragesima-



15	M.	R. A. Lecture on Sculpture. Institute of
16	TU.	[British Architects. Meeting.
17	W.	Society of Arts. Meeting.
18	TU.	Society of Antiquaries. Meeting.
19	F.	
20	S.	
21	SH.	Second Sunday in Lent. [5h. P.M.
22	M.	R. A. Lecture on Sculpture. Full Moon.
23	TU.	
24	W.	Society of Arts. Meeting.
25	TU.	Society of Antiquaries. Meeting.
26	F.	
27	S.	
28	SH.	Third Sunday in Lent.
29	M.	R. A. Lecture on Sculpture. Institute of
		[British Architects. Meeting.



Designed by W. Harvey.]

[Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.

## ART-WORK IN FEBRUARY.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., &amp;c.,

If it were possible to draw a line of demarcation between the different months of the year, to settle precisely the plants that shall blossom, the trees that shall put forth their leaves, the flowers that shall expand their many-coloured petals, and the birds and insects that shall visit or leave us within certain defined limits, how easy would be the task of describing the months, and following the various seasons of the year!

It cannot be done, for the months are so capricious in their temperature, and consequently in their aspect, that were it not for the position of the sun in the zodiac, no one could pronounce with any certainty whether the month were February, January, or March. Sometimes the severest frosts continue far into the year, so that the skater can enjoy his graceful pastime until March; while sometimes, as was the case last year, there is scarcely any frost deserving the name, and the ice would not bear a man's weight except for a day or so in especially bleak situations.

An approximation towards accuracy is all that can be attempted, and the surest method of attaining that object is by taking the middle of each month as the standard, and striking an average between the seasons of several years.

There is still less Art-work to be done in February than in January. In the former month the frosts usually break up, the picturesque snow melts into most unpicturesque mud, the bright, sharp days of frosty January vanish, and we have a warmer, but a heavier, a damper, and a murkier atmosphere around us. During some parts of February exertion is troublesome to us, the damp-laden air encloses us as in a dungeon, and we yearn for a gleam of sunshine as prisoners yearn for freedom.

Still, even fogs have their picturesque side. They are most unpleasant to the lungs, but a painter can produce fine effects from them; and the very uncertainty of outline which they give, imparts, even to well-known objects, a kind of mysterious grandeur which the brilliant rays of an unclouded sun would soon disperse. November is proverbially the month of fog, but there are some parts of February which will rival November itself in fogginess; and, moreover, the fogs have a different character, because the sun rises higher in the heavens, and so causes the more solid objects of earth to show dimly through them, instead of being hidden by them as by a curtain.

It is sweet, according to the old poet, to stand safely on the shore and watch the vessels labouring in the deep; and in like manner, it is pleasant to stand at daybreak on an elevated spot, where the atmosphere is bright, and watch the foggy ocean as it rolls along, successively shrouding every object in an impenetrable veil. Standing above this misty sea, the spectator is delighted with the glorious colours which roll over its surface, at one moment blazing in gold and crimson, as the sunbeams pour diagonally on the waves of vapour, and at another fading into shining white, as the clouds above cast their shadows on the clouds below.

The varying density of the fog adds greatly to the beauty of the scene, for, whereas in one place it hangs in heavy masses that seem solid enough to walk upon, in another it flings up vast shadowy wreaths of vapour that wave in the breeze, and rise high toward the sun. I have often known the fog to be so dense, and with so sharply defined a surface, that on descending the hill I have seen

it lying across the road just as if a flood had risen, and I have walked into it in so perceptible a manner that my feet have been covered with the mist while my head was still above it. One minute I was enjoying the full glory of a clear and brilliant atmosphere, and on the next I was plunged into a dense and suffocating mass of vapour, that hid the sun and chilled the frame, depressed the energies, and felt as if summer had suddenly been changed into winter.

Being perhaps the wettest month of the year, it frequently brings floods upon the earth and swamps the country for many miles. Not only does much rain fall, but the great snow masses that have accumulated during the frost, begin to melt, and discharge rapidly upon the earth a volume of water that the drains are unable to carry off. Even the drains themselves become useless, being soon choked up with the various substances that are carried away by the waters, the ditches become enlarged into streams, and finally coalesce into the flood that creeps silently, but resistlessly, over the meadows. Some years ago there were fine opportunities of studying floods in the meadows round Oxford. Isis and Cherwell were both lost in the waters that overlaid the country, and the presence of certain well-known trees and bridges afforded the only means by which their course could be traced.

More than once the whole surface has frozen, and then there is a grand time for the skaters, and also for any artist who chooses to make studies of the various groups. It is astonishing how neglectful artists are of skating, and how they ignore the graceful attitude into which the human figure is thrown. Not that artists do not paint pictures of skating scenes, but that they always paint them wrong. I never once saw a skating picture that was not erroneous throughout, the skaters placed in conventional attitudes that are wholly impossible, proving that the figures never could have been studied from real life. The fact is, that in order to paint a skater the artist must himself be an adept in the exercise, or at least be directed by a skilled skater. I once had to give a commission for a drawing of a skating club on the ice, and though I made the sketches myself, and drew plans of the "figures" which the performers were describing, the whole drawing was wrong, just because the artist would follow conventional types instead of attending to the sketches. Twice was that unfortunate drawing rejected, and when at last it was published, the artist had ingeniously added a new error which he had not previously committed, and had put a skater's head in such a position as would have sent him against his companions at the very next stroke.

When the floods are still unfrozen, they possess a strange and picturesque element well worthy of brush and pencil. It is strange to see rows of trees growing out of the water; strange to look at houses from which the inhabitants can find no exit save by boats; strange to read the notice boards, "No thoroughfare through this path," when neither field nor path is visible; and stranger still to see a train winding its way through the water, guided as if by some marvellous instinct through the shining waste, and perforce feeling its way slowly along lest the water should be driven into the grate and the fire extinguished. At Oxford, the appearance of the floods was the signal for boats of all sizes and shapes, and sailing boats might be seen gliding merrily over the fields, sweeping along where the dispossessed cattle used to feed, and occasionally brought to a check by running into a submerged hedge, from which there is no escape but through the lightening of the

vessel by the jumping overboard of the crew. The rats have but a bad time during floods, for they are obliged to congregate on any little island that affords them a dry footing, and they are sadly persecuted by shot and dogs as they endeavour to escape from the approaching boat.

Canoes skimmed lightly over the watery surface, obedient as well-trained steeds to the hands of experienced managers, but invariably discharging an unskillful paddler overboard, after previously filling his arms with the water that trickles down the handle of the paddle. Punts filled with merry occupants proceed slowly and deliberately on their course, their unwieldy length propelled by poles, and their shape effectually guarding them against a capsiz. Yet they serve to keep up the per centage of "swamps," for occasionally the pole goes into an unsuspected ditch, and suddenly disappears in company with the man who was holding it, or it sticks tightly in a patch of tenacious mud, and drags the luckless holder out of the boat with it. Very wretched is his fate, for the pole is not fixed firmly enough to support itself and a human being clinging to its top, and it slowly yields to the superincumbent weight, depositing the holder in the water just as the punt is brought round to his aid. There are bits of real and unsophisticated nature in these floods that would furnish matter for twenty painters.

Towards the end of February the first lambs generally make their entrance upon a cold and bleak world. Anxiously their mothers bleat in the straw-built shelters, and with equal anxiety the hard-worked shepherd goes his rounds, bearing in his bosom the bottle of warm milk that will save the life of many a young lamb too weakly to withstand the bitter cold without some such sustenance.

Perhaps a pair of ragged, shivering urchins may be seen near at hand, turning, as well as they can, the wheel of the machine which chops turnips into morsels suited to the taste of a sheep, and it cannot be denied that, though they look very miserable, they also look very picturesque.

In this month the ploughman treads his difficult path, guiding his furrows with marvellous skill, as truly as if they were drawn with rule and line, and followed by a train of rooks, gulls, and many small birds, which feed luxuriously on the insects that have retired to winter quarters beneath the earth, and are flung, like Burns's mouse, out of their snug retreats by the ruthless share. How picturesque is the scene of the ploughman at his work, is patent to all eyes, and artists may as well take advantage of it while they can. To judge from the signs of the times, the present picturesque plough, drawn by a team of stately horses, and flinging the broad clods aside like water curling from the bows of a ship, will be soon as much a thing of the past as the mail coach and the Admiralty semaphore. Great engines full of strange claws and modern inventions will take possession of our fields; the parts of ploughman and boy will be fulfilled by engine-driver and stoker; eight or ten shares will be dragged simultaneously through the earth by elaborate combinations of revolving wheels and wire cables, while the place of the noble horses will be filled by a most powerful but most ugly engine, snorting like an angry hippopotamus, and hurling vast clouds of vapour into the air at every respiration.

Birds are plentiful enough, but they must be sought in places far from the haunts of men. Our bold little friends, however, the robin, the wren, and the sparrow, press even closer to man as the continued cold deprives them of their usual food; the golden crested

wren trips nimbly over our garden trees, picking the minutest insects out of the rough bark; and wilder birds, such as the starling, the blackbird, and fieldfare, are forced by hunger to quit their customary feeding grounds, and at the risk of their lives to go anywhere if they only see a chance of procuring a meal. Our own birds—that is to say, those which are good enough to remain with us throughout the year—begin to settle their matrimonial arrangements for the season, and many is the nest which is begun by a too sanguinary young couple, is built in some leafless hedge or bare-branched shrub, and is in consequence seen and rifled by the nest-hunting schoolboy. The older birds, who have probably bought their wisdom in the bitter market of experience, know better than to trust themselves to such conspicuous localities, and choose carefully some thick holly-bush for their nesting place; or they will build in old-established woodstacks, or in privet hedges, and, in fact, in any place which is dense and impenetrable to the human eye.

The rooks begin in this month to assemble and to visit their old nesting places, as if to decide upon the particular branches which are to be occupied by the young and inexperienced birds. Long are their deliberations and loud are their discussions. After the first few pioneers have come and looked at the nests and gone back again, the rooks assemble in great force. For a time the trees are filled with their busy forms as they shift about from branch to branch, now rising on the wing for a few yards, and now settling in some other spot. The air resounds with their cawings, which seem to be actuated by some orderly arrangement, at one minute bursting out into a full chorus, and at another sinking away so as to allow one speaker to have his say. Suddenly they seem to have decided the disputed point; they rise simultaneously on the wing, they circle around once or twice, ascend high into the air, and then disperse, returning in due course of time, when the business of nest building commences.

Insects are yet but few. On a more than usually bright day, our eyes may possibly be gladdened by the sight of the beautiful brimstone butterfly, with its soft golden wings set off by the well-known crimson spot; and even one of the many-coloured tortoiseshells will occasionally come flapping along, its torn and ragged wings showing that it has survived the winter months, and its rich colours sadly smeared and faded. Gnats, too, take every opportunity of bursting from their watery imprisonment, and their merry hum is often heard in the coppice as they dance up and down in living clouds beneath the leafless branches that stretch over the pool. Should the weather be extremely mild, a stray wasp may be seen on the sunny banks, peering intently into every crevice and wearing a hurried and anxious mien. This is the future mother of a thousand young, who has come out to select a spot for her nest, so that those who value their autumn fruit will do well to kill the queen wasps in the spring.

Vegetation is nearly the same as in January, except that the trees are beginning to lose their hard, sharply-cut outlines, and look a little more hazy as the buds swell on the many branchlets. The snowdrop and the crocus are now in blossom, and in the open fields we trace at least the delicate pink and white flowers of the two species of dead-nettle, a familiar plant, whose beauty seems to be scarcely appreciated as it deserves. There is, of course, the glorious furze, with its heavy masses of golden flowers laden with their peculiar perfume like that of freshly broken cocoa-nuts; and in many a sheltered spot the hardy dandelion spreads its radiating

flowerets to the sun. Somewhere about the end of the month the primrose ventures to put forth its delicate petals, provided that its retreat be not assailed by bleak northern winds; and the butcher's broom in very favourable seasons may be found in flower on the heath and wooded spots in which it most delights. The various fox-tail grasses are still to be seen in ditches and marshy shallows, though their odd flowers will not be put forth until June or July.

And so we bid farewell to February without much regret, and look for kindlier air and warmer sunbeams in the coming month.

#### PORTRAIT PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

PAINTERS, SITTERS, PRICES, AND OWNERS.\*

SIR ANTHONY WELDON, Arthur Wilson, and Sir Walter Scott have placed *King James I.* before us in word-painting. Paul Vansomer has made the king to live and move at full length on more than one animated canvas. Without any great stretch of fancy a well-read student of our history can, at Windsor and Hampton Court, call into life the timid and scholastic son of Lord Darnley and Mary Stuart. I cannot praise the Windsor Vansomer—it is hung too high and too glaringly in St. George's Hall—but I can praise the Hampton Court full-lengths, and have a "Hampton Court conference" of my own with them, as I have done many a time, and hope to do again.

Of the two characteristic full-lengths at Hampton Court of *King James*, antiquaries prefer, and with reason, the whole length in black, where the king stands weak on his feet, and is seen cannie in look, as if reflecting more on the Gunpowder than the Gowrie conspiracy. Deep matters of "king-craft" are impressed on the royal forehead. His Majesty has evidently lost all present recollection that he is standing for his portrait, but is busy with devices to outwit Gondomar or bandy apothegms with Bacon. Virtue chose wisely when he selected this head of the king for his well-known series of English kings. Mr. Shaw would do well to add this portrait of King James to his collection of fac-similes in small.

The other full-length of *King James*, to which I have referred as at Hampton Court, is the Vansomer, with Inigo Jones's Banqueting House in the background. The Banqueting House was building at the time this characteristic portrait was painted, nor was Inigo's masterpiece indeed completed when Vansomer died (1621) in London, at the age of forty-five.

The portraits of Vansomer might be brought together with advantage in the rooms of the British Institution. The known examples of his pencil are not above fifty in number, and all are easily accessible. He did place men on their legs and on mats—no easy task it has been said, and with great truth.

It was Vansomer who made the Charing Cross end of St. Martin's Lane a Newman Street for artists. His house stood on the water side of the Strand, in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; and his next-door neighbour was Sir Edward Dymock, the champion of England. He was married and had children.

For a knowledge of the prices paid to Vansomer for his works, I am indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Everett Green. For a full

length of King James, and a full-length of his son, Prince Charles, he had thirty pounds a-piece, or some two hundred and fifty pounds of our present money. The Registers of the Privy Council record that the pictures were presented to the Polish Ambassador. Can any one inform me of their present "whereabouts?"

When the tomb in Westminster Abbey of the hammer of the Scottish nation was opened, late in the last century, the body of *Edward Long Shanks* was additionally identified, some five hundred years after his death, by the extraordinary length of his limbs. When, in this century, the body of *King Robert Bruce* was accidentally discovered, the remains were additionally identified by the surgical operation that had been performed for the removal of his heart on its romantic lifeless expedition into Spain. When, on the 1st of April, 1813, the plain coffin of *King Charles I.* was opened in the presence of the Prince of Wales (George IV.), the man, Charles Stuart, "headless Charles," as painted by Vandycck, lay before the living spectators. That the head had been severed from the body by a heavy blow, inflicted with a very sharp instrument, "furnished the last proof wanting to identify Charles I."

There are many characteristic portraits by Lely of *King Charles II.* His swarthy look, long, lumpy nose, and his mother's, Henrietta Maria's, eyes, live still upon coin and canvas. His portrait by Riley, which occasioned the remark, "Is this like me? then, od's fish, I am an ugly fellow!" should find a place in Lord Stanhope's portrait gallery. Perhaps Mr. Scharf will tell us where it is?

By far the most valuable portrait we have of the queen of Charles II., "Catharine of Braganza," is the knee piece of her in her Portuguese dress—the dress in which she arrived in England, and was first seen by Charles. This truly historical portrait picture, known by Faithorne's engraving, is at Ditchley, Lord Dillon's, in Oxfordshire. I have a photograph of it, made at the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition, where it formed No. 215 of the British Portrait Gallery. As a piece of costume it is highly valuable—as a portrait completing a series, it is priceless.

There is a portrait of *King James II.*, which I confess I should like to see out of private hands. It is the three-quarter portrait for which, at the request of Mr. Secretary Pepys, the king was sitting to Kneller, when he received the news that the Prince of Orange was landed. James continued his sitting. He would not see his "abdicated skies," or disappoint his good friend Pepys. This fine and truly historical portrait (a three-quarter in armour) was put up at the Pepys-Cockerell sale at Christie's, in 1848, and bought in. There is a rare and fine engraving of it by *Mezzotinto* Smith. Let Mr. Scharf keep a clear lookout after this portrait.

Of *Nan Hyde*, the first wife of King James II., and the mother of two queens of England, Queen Mary and Queen Anne, I have seen two very fine portraits, both by Lely. One belonged to the Lords Teyham, and was, when I saw it, in the possession of Frederick Holbrook, Esq., of Bexley, in Kent. The other I saw at Winchester, at the Congress of the Archaeological Institute.

*Charles to late times*—

"Charles to late times to be transmitted fair,  
Assigned his figure to Bernini's care;  
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed,  
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed."—*Pope*.

The best portrait of the "hero William" is unquestionably the life-size likeness of the king on horseback painted by Kneller, and

\* Continued from page 17.

still at Hampton Court. Many portraits exist of William, but unhappily the present possessor of "Candle-light" Schalken's portrait of Lord Macaulay's hero is unknown. As the piece was to be by candle-light, the painter gave his Majesty the candle to hold till the tallow ran down upon his fingers! The king probably took the incident a little more good-naturedly than King George IV. took the single speck of blood on the otherwise immaculate wristband of Surgeon-to-the-King Sir Astley Cooper.

"The weak head of High-Church Anne,"\* "our good and gracious mistress," as Lord Bolingbroke loved to call her long after her death, is familiar to many through her coins (her farthings excepted); the full-length of her by Closterman, at Guildhall; her statue before St. Paul's; and her noseless statue in Queen Square, Westminster. There are other portraits of her at Windsor and at Blenheim. "Brandy Nan" (for so the Jacobites took delight in calling her) is visible in every picture we possess of her. That her "entirely English heart" is stamped upon her face I will not pretend to assert, though in her first speech to her first Parliament she chose, or was made, to say that "her heart was entirely English," an expression which Swift has turned to sarcastic account in one of the severest of his satires; and yet in his "Last Will and Testament" the Dean describes her as "of ever glorious, immortal, and truly pious memory—the real Nursing Mother of her kingdom."

When Kneller was questioned by Dr. Wallis, the mathematician, touching the legitimacy of the Old Pretender, the answer of the experienced portrait-painter, who had read mankind in their faces for more than half a century, went direct to the point:—"Wat de devil, de Prince of Wales te son of a brickbat woman! be Got it is aly! I am not of his party, nor shall not be for him, I am satisfiet wit wat ye parliamt has done, but I must tell you wat I am sure of, and in wat I cannot be mistaken. His fader and moder have sate to me about 36 time a-piece, and I know every line and bit in their faces. Be Got I could paint King James just now by memory. I say the child is so like both, that there is not a feature in his face but wat belongs either to fader or moder; this I'm sure of, and be Got I cannot be mistaken. Nay, the nails are his moder's, the queen that was. Doctor, you may be out in your *letters*, but be Got I can't be out in my *lines*!"

This characteristic account of Kneller's conversation on a point of historical importance, is confirmed in its accuracy by the recent publication of the Diaries of Tom Hearne. Dear old Sir Godfrey! whose sayings, &c., well deserve collection—he

\* Who could, were mankind lost, anew create—  
What can the extent of his vast soul confine?  
A Painter, Critic, Engineer, Divine."†

The best portrait of King George I., the picture that gave rise to Addison's beautiful poem to Kneller, hung in Sir Robert Walpole's time in "the Common Parlour" at Houghton, in Norfolk. Sir Godfrey "took the figure" of the king at a Guildford Horse Race. Over the chimney in the library of the same stately palace of a successful prime minister to two sovereigns, is a whole-length of King George I. in his coronation robes, "the only picture for which he ever sat in England;" and he was thirteen years a king of England. Portrait-painters, like poets, got little by this king's encouragement.

The most characteristic portrait we possess of King George II. is the full-length by Pine, at Hampton Court. "Augustus," as he

is called by Pope, was very short. One of the many lampoons on him describes the delight with which he received Mr. (afterwards Lord) Edgecumbe, who was small of stature:—

"Rejoiced to find within his court  
One shorter than himself."

As George II. was the last English sovereign who resided at Hampton Court, it is pleasant to find so many portrait reminiscences of him there. It is easy to recall the king to life—thanks to Lord Hervey and Horace Walpole—playing at "commerce," his favourite game at cards, cajoled by his minister and ruled by his wife.

Of that clever woman Caroline Anspach, the queen of George II., there are many portraits. The most curious is that belonging to Sir Henry Wilmot, at Chaddesden, in Derbyshire. It was painted for her physician, the celebrated Dr. Mead, and represents her surrounded by her many children, the living and the dead. The dead are in cornucopias, from which they smile like cherubs. The picture was a present from the queen to her physician, and caused more than a smile in the face of our beloved Queen when, in 1857, it was my duty as well as my pleasure to call her Majesty's attention to it in the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition.

Frederick, Prince of Wales, the eccentric son of "Augustus" and Caroline, may be seen to advantage in the large picture by Knapton, at Hampton Court. The more we are admitted into the secrets of the eighteenth century in England, the more interesting will this picture become. As a work of Art, however, it is all but valueless.

Of King George III. we have so many portraits, illustrating every stage of his life—when young, when blind, and when very old and lunatic—that a mere catalogue of them would prove a lengthy and possibly uninteresting list. The coronation portrait of the king by Sir Joshua Reynolds, given by the king himself to the Royal Academy of Arts, is too theatrical and unusual in circumstance to be of much value. The bust of this king by the elder Bacon, of which there are many duplicates, is by far the most pleasing likeness we possess of him.

The lineaments of "the first gentleman in Europe" are known to us through Reynolds, through Lawrence, and through Chantrey, and many other sources of inferior merit.

The Reynolds, painted when the prince was about thirty, is a fine unfaded example of Sir Joshua's art. It was bought by the late Sir Robert Peel, and deservedly occupied a post of honour in the Whitehall collection of the great minister. It was my good fortune to hear a testimony paid to its likeness by a very great man. Peel threw open his collection one fine summer's day to all who were in London known to be eminent in Art, literature, politics, law, religion, and arms. The Iron Duke was early there, looked at many pictures, turned suddenly aside as if to speak to a friend, and exclaimed, arrested by what he saw, "Ah, my old master! and very like him." This was said before Sir Joshua's George IV. when Prince.

The "first gentleman" was king when he sat to Chantrey, and etiquette requiring, what is wholly unusual with other sitters than crowned heads, that the clay should be carried to the sitter, not the sitter to the studio of the sculptor, my father accompanied Chantrey to Carlton House. Chantrey produced one of his very finest busts. The king, I have heard my father say, was in great good-humour, and talked much and pleasantly. His Majesty asked my father's name, and smiled, recalling, as no doubt it did, his favourite marchioness to his memory. Looking at my father's tall, well-made figure, the king was pleased to

pay him a compliment. "You should ride in my guards," said the king. My father bowed, Chantrey smiled a roseate smile, and both looked steadily at the tall Scotchman. "So I would, sire," was the reply, "if—(a pause)—your majesty would give me—a regiment." "You mean a commission," said the king. "No, no!" was the reply, and king, sculptor, and poet all laughed loud and alike.

I must here mention another likeness of George IV., that will preserve the king's appearance in a work of Art. I allude to the small characteristic full-length of the king by Wilkie in his celebrated Holyrood picture. Wilkie made many studies for this figure, and fully succeeded in what he wrought hard to accomplish.

The pleasing countenance of Charlotte, Princess of Wales, has been preserved to us by Sir Thomas Lawrence and by Dawe.

The face and figure of Caroline, Queen of George IV., will be best remembered by contemporary caricatures.

With the portraits of King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, Sir Martin Archer Shee succeeded better than Sir David Wilkie. Sir Martin caught the fresh, sailor-like look of the king, which Wilkie entirely missed.

Of the many portraits of *our beloved sovereign* it will be enough here to say, that her Majesty's subjects have the good fortune to possess the true image of her person when first a queen in Wilkie's "First Council" and Chantrey's inimitable bust. The bust, the last work of Chantrey's chisel, is in his best style, and considering how rarely indeed he modelled the female head, must be looked upon with additional wonder. The diadem on Chantrey's bust of Queen Victoria was a happy thought happily worked out.

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

#### THE SCOTTISH SCHOOL OF ART.

The exhibition of Scottish Art in Edinburgh, towards the close of last year, was a useful step in a right direction. Its immediate purpose was at once to honour the members of the Social Science Congress during their session held in the Modern Athens, and to interest and instruct them in the reality of a Scottish School of Art. It was the Scottish Academy's contribution to that deluge of welcome with which the citizens of Edinburgh of all classes overwhelmed their numerous visitors, and in this respect both the exhibition and the *conversazione* were most successful. But it had also a deeper purpose and a more permanent object, in giving body to a wish which had long been floating in the minds of many, that some opportunity could be found sufficiently interesting to the proprietors of works by Scottish artists to enable the lovers of national progress to act with a prospect of getting something like a record of their country's Art together. Almost all European nations except our own have some records of artistic progress; but England, with greater wealth and at least equal need of knowledge, has been content to have the only records of its artistic styles existing (the diploma pictures of Academicians) shut out from public usefulness in rooms which only Royal Academicians or their friends know anything about. The want so felt in England was also felt in Scotland, although not to the same extent; and to the honour of the Scottish Academy it may be said that they have set an example which the Royal Academy might profitably follow, in getting up an exhibition of English Art from its earliest efforts to the present time. Frenchmen, through the prize drawings of students, kept from a very early date, as well as from the annual labours of the pupils in the school at Rome, are, apart from the monumental works and gallery pictures of their great artists, enabled to trace national progress or decline in Art, as well as the different artistic styles predominant for generations. Germans and Italians

\* Horace Walpole. Walpole's Works, i. 256.  
† Gay. "Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece."

can, by various means, trace at a glance the progress of their Arts; but few men, even with leisure and a fortune, would be able to acquire a consecutive knowledge of the Arts in England, so as to be able to point out from definite examples what share each artist of mark had taken in carrying the English school from what it was a hundred years ago to the position it has reached to-day. To apportion the blame for such a state of things, is not the present object; the recognition of its existence is sufficient; and it was, as far as possible, to supply the want in Scotland, that the works of Scottish artists were recently exhibited in Edinburgh. That exhibition was, however, far from perfect: imperfect in the style of arrangement in many of the works exhibited, as being poor specimens of the artists, and in the fact that many of the Scottish artists of all periods were not represented at all. No doubt there were good reasons for all these imperfections, and we blame no one for their existence. Still they did exist, and as our desire is rather to encourage than to carp, we gladly accept the exhibition recently closed as a promising and vigorous sketch of what may some day soon become a magnificent national work.

From an early period Scotland has had native artists who acquired fame. Jameson, of Aberdeen, born in 1587, carried native Scotch Art in a direct line to the time of Vandyke and Rubens. Thomas Murray, born in 1666, connects Scotland with the Florentine school, his portrait being still found among those of artists in the Pitti Palace. John Brown, born in 1752, made drawings from which Bartolozzi engraved, and returned from England, but in health so feeble that he only reached Leith to die in Runciman's bed. Ramsay, Aikman, and Skirving, More, Martin, and a host of others, formed connecting links, or made up the rank and file; and although these men did not found what is now known as the Scottish school—with, perhaps, the single exception of Jameson—their works are redolent with that influence and those principles on which the chief strength of Scottish Art has rested ever since the so-called foundation of the school.

Of these earlier pictures in the exhibition there is little to be said, except that traces of the individuality and breadth, mingled with an unrefined vigour so characteristic of Scottish poetry, are strongly marked upon the portraits painted before what is considered the foundation of the Scottish school, by artists whose names are all but unknown to Scotchmen. Even in some of these rude efforts, that spirit of Spanish Art which has throughout so strongly marked the Scottish school is more conspicuous than the influence of Vandyke or the other foreigners practising in England. Allan Ramsay, who was mostly resident in England, did not paint like the men by whom he was surrounded; and although inferior to others with whom he associated, in colour and general power he often displayed qualities more akin to Velasquez than to Vandyke—a remark equally applicable to the works of such men as Skirving, the crayon painter, and his contemporaries. But the important period of modern Scottish Art began with Raeburn, and his works formed the strong point of the recent exhibition. Now that the project of creating an educational test for artists before admitting them as students of Art, is exciting some attention, it may be worth noting that in Heriot's Hospital, where young Raeburn was brought up, he had what was then considered a liberal education, which no doubt assisted him through life in combining that intellectual refinement with artistic power so strongly developed through all his works. Any reference to special portraits must necessarily be comparatively worthless to those who cannot see the pictures, and those who only know Raeburn through the International Exhibition of '62 have a very inadequate knowledge of his works. In expression, colour, breadth, and general treatment, his best portraits are masterpieces of Art, but he had higher and rarer qualities than these. The true womanhood of his females is as great as the sympathetic unity of all his portraits; and while some of his heads have more in common with the intense and delicate perception of Titian than with the liquid flowing pencil of Reynolds, his portraits have this beyond that of any other artist of his time or our own—that hands, head, body, and limbs

make one expressive sympathising unity. This is one of the highest attributes of portraiture, and when combined with high qualities of colour, character, and refinement, convert portraits into great works of Art. On this the fame of Raeburn rests, and it will continue to grow in proportion as the nation presses forward in artistic knowledge. The portraits by George Watson and others of the same period, all reflect the influence of Raeburn on the Scottish school; and even now Sir John Watson Gordon, and the younger men devoted to portraiture, find their highest type of Art in their great master and predecessor.

What may be called the middle period of Scottish Art was in that exhibition but poorly represented, and the older artists had living premonition of what the winnowing hand of time will do for some of their popular contemporaries. True, many of the specimens were bad—that is, they were not so good as with more time and labour might perhaps have been secured—but even the worst of the specimens were not so bad as the style was vicious. The desolation of emptiness, misnamed breadth, the vulgarity of touch without knowledge, the evidences of painting without study, and the use of materials which have ruined good Art, but through which happily the bad Art is speedily perishing, found occasionally here, must have been mortifying to many, and formed a salutary lesson to all, but more especially to those croakers who are always finding the world moving backwards. Pictures that thirty years ago or less were lauded as the best productions of well-known Scottish artists, now command little reverence and kindle no enthusiasm; but like the fabled straws, they broke the back of conventionalism, and that is their only title to notice or regard. Among the mass of bad Art produced during this period, and of which this exhibition contained a full share, there were redeeming points sufficient to show that Scotland had some artists worthy of their predecessors. Andrew Wilson, William Simson, John Wilson, the Nasmyths, Rev. John Thomson, "Grecian" Williams, and Ewbank, were sufficient to keep alive the school in landscape, and nobly did they fulfil their mission; while Wilkie, Allan, Duncan, and others sustained what is called the higher departments with a vigour which secured European fame. The best works of some of these men were found in this exhibition, Wilkie's "Penny Wedding" being his greatest work for all the qualities which made him eminent; in Duncan's "Braw Wooer" and "Cuddy Headrig"; in Andrew Wilson's "Vallambross," a landscape of great refinement both of feeling and expression; in John Thomson's "Sark Castle," one of the finest coast scenes ever painted; in the classic poetry of "Grecian" Williams's "Marathon"; in the genius by which the Nasmyths tempered their sterling hard work; and in the stern grand thought with which David Scott inspired his questionable drawing and colour. Through works like these the Scottish artists of the second period were improving the inheritance left by their artistic sires.

In the exhibition, most of the living artists of repute belonging to Scotland were fairly represented, although, from the shortness of the time, or similar causes, some whose works ought to have been there were absent. The pictures belonging to this class worth notice have already been described in the *Art-Journal* during the notices of exhibitions, so that detail would be mere useless repetition. To say that the works of Sir John Watson Gordon took the first rank in portraiture; that Philip sent a good picture; that George Harvey was strong in figure pictures and magnificent in landscape; that Lees was refined both in treatment and in colour of modern Scotch figure subjects; that Kenneth McLeay exhibited miniatures which ought to put photographs to flight, except in the form of *cartes de visite*; that Noel Paton fully sustained his reputation; and that fifty other artists did the same through pictures which they had previously exhibited, and we had noticed, would indeed be tiresome work; but it is not superfluous to say that in this exhibition Scotland displayed an artistic strength and progress such as few countries during the same period can boast of, and that in Art, as in other walks of thought or energy, our northern neighbours are fully competent to hold their own as an important element of British power.

### THE TURNER GALLERY.

#### THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

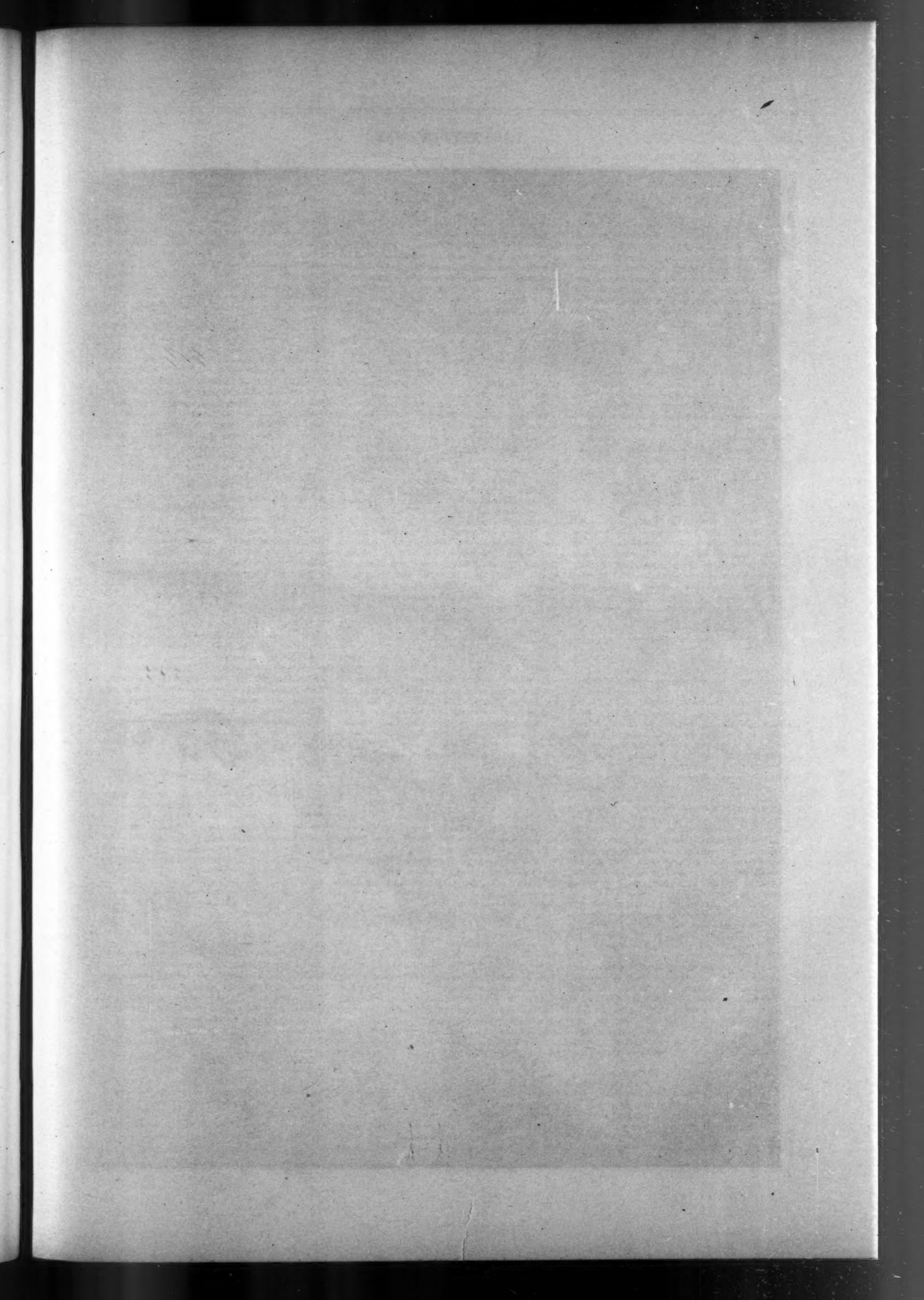
Engraved by W. Miller.

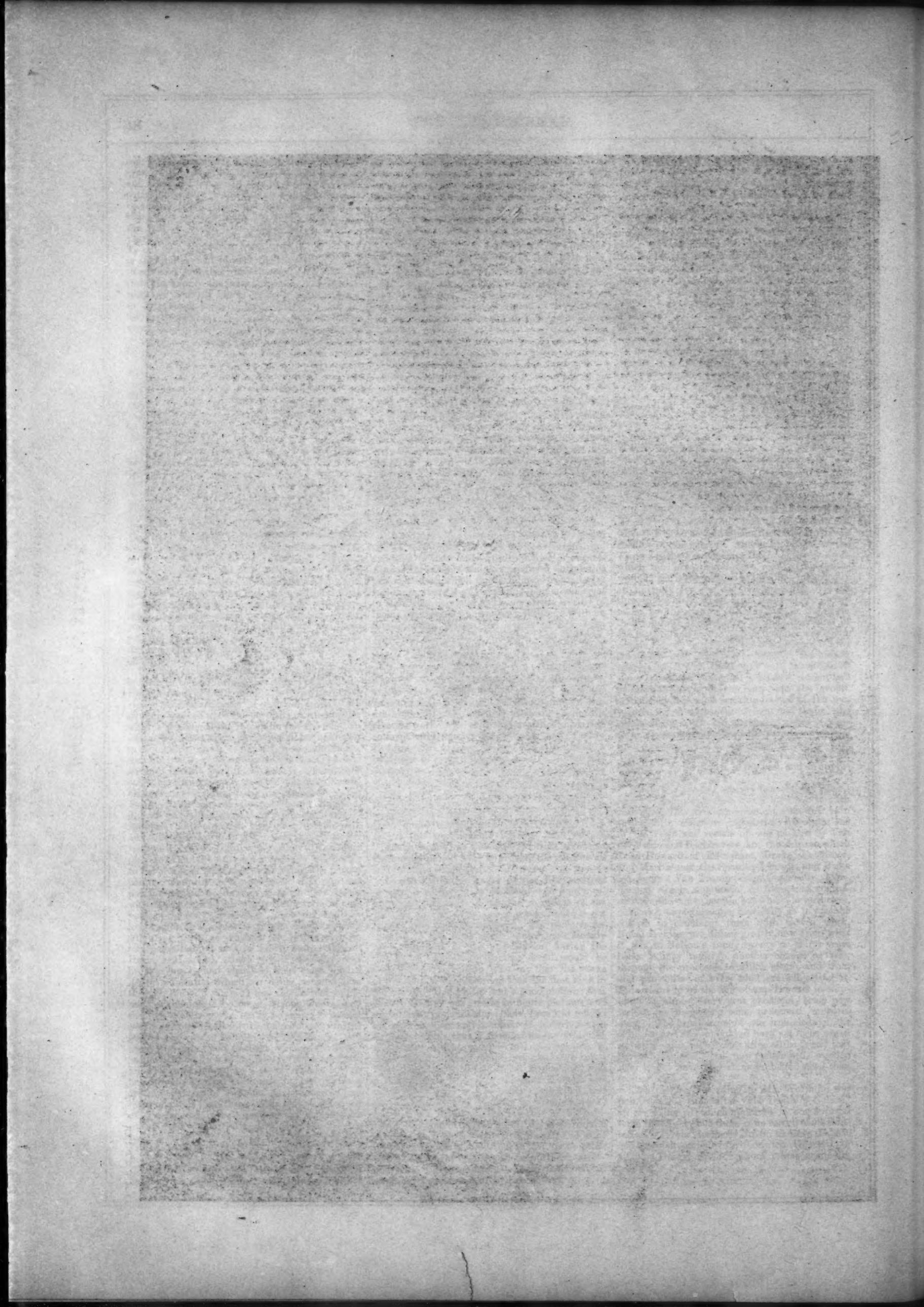
TURNER could paint the sea with marvellous truth and beauty, but he was never "much of a hand" at painting ships—at least, to satisfy a thorough sailor. This picture is a notable instance of the fact, and it is still more remarkable for its utter failure as a representation of the great victory at Trafalgar. The late Sir Thomas Hardy, who was captain of Nelson's ship in the action, said, according to a statement of Mr. Wormum's, in his comments on the picture, that "it looked as much like a street-scene as a battle, for the ships were more like houses than men-of-war." The gallant officer appears to have been even farther "at sea" in his comparison than Turner in his conception of the wooden walls of Old England, and of the battle he undertook to describe on his canvas. The artist, it may be supposed, only painted what he thought the action might have appeared to a spectator, and took little or no pains to acquaint himself with the particulars of it. But we must rarely look to Turner for truth of incident or locality, except in some of his very earliest works; he only used them as ideas, to mould into his own form, after his own fashion.

The large vessel which occupies so prominent a space on the canvas is intended for the *Victory*, Nelson's flag-ship, heading one of the two columns into which the admiral divided his fleet, so greatly inferior in numbers to that of the combined forces of France and Spain, in order to break the line of the enemy. Almost alongside of the *Victory* is the French ship, the *Redoubtable*, from which our great naval hero received his death-wound; she is represented as sinking—historically an untruth, for she did not meet this fate till three days after, when, with many of the prizes taken by the victors, she was lost in the storm that followed the action. In the foreground of the picture, and in the middle distance, are boats, cruising about to pick up the unfortunate fellows who have been knocked overboard; the nearest boat is filled with them, and from the action of some it may be presumed a chance musket-ball or cannon-shot finds its way into the group. Artistically, the most striking feature of the picture is the arrangement of light and shade; the smoke of the battle and a transient gleam of sunshine from the sky afford the painter an opportunity of producing a most effective chiaroscuro. Turner well knew how to make the most of an accidental, by turning it to the best, and an appropriate, advantage.

Before the present century has entirely passed away, young people then living will look at such pictures as this with astonishment somewhat akin to that with which we regard the representations of the fleets and vessels of war painted by Van der Velde and Backhuysen, and the ships in which Lord Howard of Effingham, Drake, Frobisher, and Martin met the Spanish Armada, and Blake led against Van Tromp; huge, unwieldy, high-poled vessels, ungraceful in form, and comparatively difficult to handle, but which, nevertheless, were not unpicturesque, especially as it was the custom to ornament them with carved work. Naval architecture differs greatly now from what it was in Nelson's time; twenty or thirty years hence it may undergo another change as vast, through the processes to which steam, and iron, and projectiles of every kind are subjecting it. This seems to be the age of experiments in shipbuilding, almost every year producing some new fashion, or suggesting some presumed improvement. The capabilities of our iron-clads of the *Warrior* and *Minotaur* kind have yet to be tested as battle-ships, and it may after all be found that the old-fashioned, but now contemned, wooden navy might have served us in better stead than iron or steel.

This picture, according to Mr. Wormum, was painted some time after "The Death of Nelson," an engraving of which appeared in our Journal some time back, but there is no record of its exhibition. It was formerly in St. James's Palace, and was presented to Greenwich Hospital in 1829 by George IV., for whom it was originally painted.



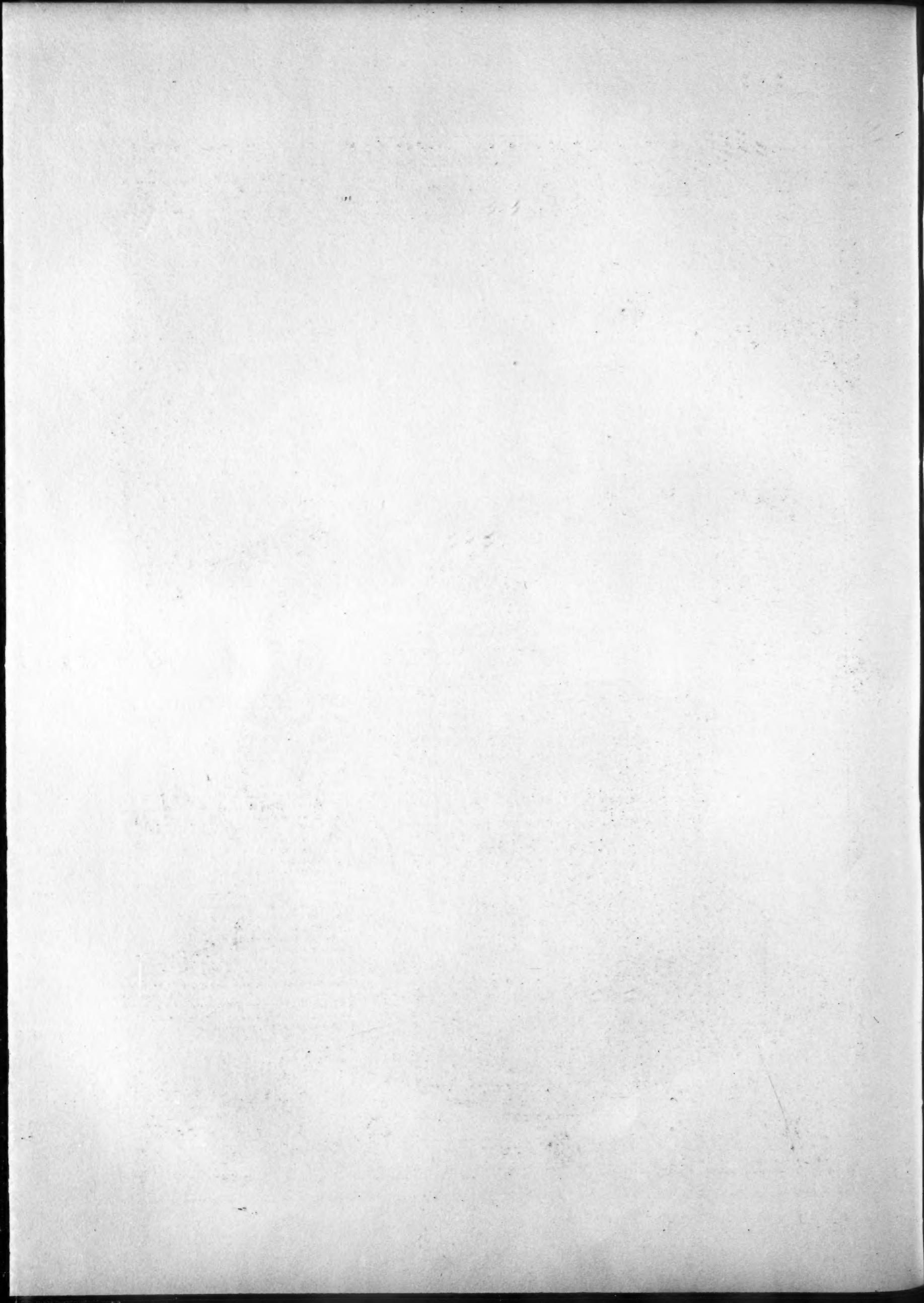




THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. PINX<sup>T</sup>

W. MILLER, SCULP<sup>T</sup>



## THE GOLD CASKET

PRESENTED, WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON, TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On Monday, the 8th of June last, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, with all due formality, was enrolled amongst the freemen of the City of London; and, at the same time, also in accordance with ancient custom, the Corporation of London presented to their Royal fellow-citizen a record of that day's ceremonial, splendidly illuminated on vellum, and enclosed in a casket of becoming magnificence and costliness. This casket is represented in our accompanying engraving: it was designed and executed by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill, the design by that gentleman having been selected from a somewhat numerous group, which were submitted by different goldsmiths to the Corporation. Thus this civic casket, which would do honour to the establishment of any goldsmith, is the *bond fide* work of a London citizen, and as such it is peculiarly appropriate for the purpose for which it was produced. It was strictly right and proper that a casket containing the Freedom of the City of London should be both designed by a citizen of London and made in the City of London by London workmen; as, in like manner, it was equally consistent to have this casket a work of Art of the very highest order, in consideration of the two-fold circumstance that it was to be the gift of a Corporation of Merchant Princes to "a Prince indeed," the eldest son of England and the heir-apparent to the British crown.

This casket, on the production of which we cordially congratulate Mr. Benson, is formed entirely of fine gold and the richest enamel: in

length it is 7½ in. by 6 in. in width, and 8½ in. in height; and its weight, exclusive of the plinth of Californian onyx, upon which it stands, is about 50 oz. The style of the ornamentation is that of the Cinque Cento period, and the whole of the work has been executed with the utmost delicacy and refinement. Upon the front of the casket, on a ground of blue enamel, are the armorial insignia of the Prince and the Princess of Wales, ensigned with the coronet of their Royal Highnesses. The arms of the Prince, which are encircled by the Garter of the Order, are those of the heir-apparent charged in pretence with the shield of Saxony, but without any of the quarterings of the secondary dignities and titles of his Royal Highness. On either side are the arms of the City of London and of the Lord Mayor for the time being. The reverse side of the casket is occupied by the initials of the Prince and Princess, executed in fine gold upon a field of blue enamel, with a plate bearing the following inscription:—"Rose, Mayor; presented by the Corporation of London, with the Freedom of the City, to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,

on Monday, 8th June, 1863." Upon each end of the casket is the Ostrich Feather Badge of the Prince of Wales, ensigned with its proper open coronet and with the motto *Ich Dien*. The pillars at the angles of the composition support masks of water deities in enamel, crowned with bulrushes; and below they rest upon spirited impersonations of the winged and web-footed imaginary creatures known as sea-horses, chased in pure gold. The richly ornamented lid, variously enamelled and wrought in pure and tinted gold, is surmounted by a figure of Britannia seated, and supported by her own lion and unicorn. The character and the aggroupment of the minor decorative accessories are clearly indicated in our engraving: it only remains for us, therefore, to add, that throughout the entire work a watchful care has been exercised, with a view to blend together into one harmonious whole the bright and rich hues of the enamels, the delicate tints of the gold, and the native lustre of the pure metal. We are happy to learn that Mr. Benson has received from the Prince of Wales the warrant appointing him watch and clock maker (the only one in the city) to his Royal Highness.

We shall look forward to Mr. Benson's next great work—whatever it may prove to be—in confident expectation that it will be altogether worthy of its predecessor—The Prince of Wales' Casket. That it is his intention to sustain with energy the reputation he has honourably won by his casket, there can be no doubt in the mind of any visitor to Mr. Benson's establishment in Ludgate Hill. There, at all times, may be seen in great numbers conclusive evidences of the abilities and also of the vigour and the perseverance which distinguish Mr. Benson as a goldsmith; and, at the same time, the foreign works that are continually imported by this gentleman



show with equal emphasis that he is able to appreciate what is really excellent in the works of other producers. It is to be hoped that, as the casket is exclusively a London production,

Mr. Benson may obtain here at home, and in the City of London, such fellow-workers as will enable him to prove to the public on the east of Temple Bar (and to the west also of that historic

barrier) his ability to produce in unlimited numbers works of every kind, which shall be at least equal to the best productions of the most accomplished of foreigners.

**THE CASKET PORTRAIT.**  
A NEW INVENTION IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

The most ingenious application of photographic portraiture is what is called "The Casket Portrait"—an invention undoubtedly suggested by the stereoscope—the effect being the same, that is, a life-like verisimilitude, but with the complexion of the living subject. The getting up of this living miniature renders it the most elegant, perfect, and convenient of its class as being adaptable to any form of setting or mounting in use for miniatures. Photographers assert that everybody has been photographed, and that those who are really pleased with themselves after the operation, are but an exceptional few. Here, then, is an opportunity for new versions of the most indisputable truth, and even if a comparatively small proportion of the disappointed avail themselves of it the proprietors of the patent (for such it is), will have reason to congratulate themselves. The portrait appears within a quadrangular prism of crystal, formed by the junction of two rectangular prisms, and the appearance of the representation is solid, palpable, and life-like, coloured and treated into a great improvement on a stereoscopic miniature, with signal advantages and applicability far beyond the stereoscopic head or figure. The inventor of this kind of portrait is, we presume, Mr. Henry Swan, who read a paper on his invention at the meeting of the British Association, held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, last September. Mr. Swan is now established at No. 40, Charing Cross, where are to be seen many very beautiful varieties of these portraits. The individual to be thus represented as living in crystal is in the first instance photographed—two transparent plates being taken at a suitable angle, which are made to combine so as to produce one singularly real representation. When the two triangular prisms are joined to form one figure, one of the portraits is placed at the back, and the other at the side of the prism nearest the eye when applied to look into it, the result of which arrangement is the most perfect illusion that can be conceived. As curiosities of science these portraits may not be compared with high effects of fine Art; they possess, however, many of the well-pronounced individualities which a sculptor would not render in a bust.

With all its seductive reality we cannot think Mr. Swan's invention an ultimatum. We hope to see that by the aid of Art he will bring his portrait even nearer to the life than it now is—not in form: the reality and animation of the reproduction cannot be surpassed; but perhaps in colour—the excellence of the former makes us desire equal perfection in the latter. "The reason of the phenomenon," we are told, "is this—all the rays which fall on one side of a line, perpendicular to the surface of the prism next the eye, suffer total reflection at the oblique inner surface of that prism, while the rays which fall on the other side are transmitted unaltered through the body of the combination." Thus it is that one of the eyes only perceives the object at the back of the prism, while to the other the picture at the side is alone visible, that apparently being at the back also. It necessarily follows, that if the pictures have been taken in accordance with the principles of binocular vision, the resulting image seen in the interior of the crystal will be quite solid, every detail coming out with the utmost precision.

With all its beauty this portrait will yet be carried to a higher degree of excellence. The enlargement of the likeness may be effected by the ordinary photographic means, necessitating, of course, larger prisms. This puts the "casket" and locket form out of the question; but this form would admit of an unquestionable perfection of colour. We can see many uses to which Mr. Swan's portraits may be put. There is a foreign sculptor who executes statues of celebrities from half-a-dozen photographs, back, front, and side views of the subjects. Working from these portraits enlarged would be all but working from the life, and much more suggestive than photographs in the flat.

**SACRED POETRY.\***

It was a fitting task for a minister of religion to gather up some of the fragments of sacred poetry which have come down to us from the holy men

and women of past generations, and to issue them again in a collected and beautiful form, as we find done in Mr. White's volume. And it is no less suitable that such a book should be placed in the hands of the public by the Religious Tract Society. The selection of pieces is from the



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

writings of Chaucer, Anne Askew, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, George Herbert, Quarles, Wither, Herrick, Vaughan, Milton, Bunyan, Ken, Baxter, Jeremy Taylor, and many others.

"It may be objected," the editor says, "that some of the men whose poems have a place in this collection failed to exemplify in their lives that devotion which their verses express. But this



THE RAINBOW.

fact only presents, in a new light, the attractions of the Cross, which can thus compel the

\* ENGLISH SACRED POETRY OF THE OLDEN TIME.  
Collected and arranged by the Rev. L. B. WHITE, M.A.,  
Rector of St. Mary Aldermanry. Published by the Religious Tract Society, London.

homage of its foes as well as the willing service of its friends." The volume, enriched with many excellent illustrations by Green, Leitch, Tenniel, Watson, Wolf, E. Whymper, and others, is one of the elegant "gift-books" of the year. We give two examples of the woodcuts.

## ROBINSON CRUSOE ILLUSTRATED.\*

If all the editions of De Foe's famous story which have passed through our hands since the first we read in boyhood were ranged together on a bookshelf, they would occupy no small space, and

would be in themselves, as to number, a little library. It is one of those narratives that can never die; there is in it such a pleasant intermingling of truth and fiction, such an interest excited by hair-breadth escapes, so much ingenuity displayed in the working out of the poor castaway's isolated life, such a charm of romance



THE PLANTERS MAKE A PROPOSAL TO CRUSOE. — J. D. W.

about the whole story, that no one can wonder at its unfailing success.

The edition recently published by Messrs. Routledge is worthy of the tale and its author; in every way it is a "prize" book, large in size, well printed in bold type on a tinted paper, and handsomely bound; to these recommendations

must be added one which, in the eyes of some will probably outweigh all the others united. It has one hundred illustrations of a similar kind to those introduced here, bringing vividly and picturesquely before the reader the principal incidents related in the two voyages of Crusoe. The drawings are made by Mr. J. D. Watson, who,



CRUSOE IS FILLED WITH REMORSE FOR HIS PAST LIFE. — J. D. W.

within a very few years, has acquired a reputation among our best designers and draftsmen on wood. To very considerable inventive powers this artist

adds great freedom and readiness of execution, his style reminding us much of Mr. John Gilbert's; this, we are sure, Mr. Watson will construe into a compliment, for it is meant to be such. The examples we give of the "Robinson Crusoe" woodcuts speak for themselves; the others are of equal excellence, both in design and in engraving; the latter is the work of Messrs. Dalziel.

\* THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE. By DANIEL DE FOE. With a Portrait and One Hundred Illustrations by J. D. WATSON. Engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. Published by Routledge & Co., London and New York.

## DANISH PHOTOGRAPHS

OF  
THORWALDSEN'S SCULPTURES.

Our attention has been directed to a collection of photographs taken from the original bas-reliefs of the great sculptor of Denmark, Thorwaldsen, in the Copenhagen Museum, which have just been brought to London with the intention of their being submitted to the public in this country. These truly remarkable works, without any exception the very finest photographic reproductions of sculpture that we have ever seen, have been printed in America by Messrs. Unnevehr and Hansen, of New York, from negatives taken in Denmark; and the examples that we have examined with such unqualified gratification, have been placed before us by Mr. Hansen himself, who proposes to remain in London.

The works that are represented in the collection that Mr. Hansen has now with him are exclusively the bas-reliefs for which Thorwaldsen was so famous; but after a while the series will be extended to comprehend the finest and most important and most popular statues of the sculptor. The same works are represented in these photographs in at least three varieties of size, the largest being of unusually ample dimensions. All are executed with equal care and skill, and all are alike distinguished by the same thoroughly artistic feeling in the photographers. Without a single exception, these photographs combine perfect sharpness of definition and the most minute rendering of details, with a truly marvellous delicacy and richness of tone, and the most exquisite subtlety in the gradation and harmony of the tints. Equally charming is the play of the light upon the marble, as it is reflected in these sun-pictures.

At the head of the series are the 'Morning' and 'Night,' bas-reliefs that enjoy a world-wide reputation, and which here are indeed most worthily reproduced. Engravings on steel of these noble sculptures, drawn from the originals in the collection of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, appeared in the *Art-Journal* for the year 1852. Several replicas of these bas-reliefs were executed by Thorwaldsen, amongst which we may specify the fine pair in the possession of Arthur K. Barclay, Esq. Without a doubt Mr. Hansen's photographs will revive both the original popularity of these public favourites, and will secure for them a fresh popularity arising out of the attractive qualities of the photographs themselves. The largest pair of the photographs of the 'Morning' and 'Night,' we may add, are specially calculated for framing. The series representing the 'Four Seasons,' while at the same time they symbolise with equally happy expressiveness the four great divisions of human life, childhood, youth, maturity, and advanced age, are not so well known in England at present; but these photographs are certain at once to establish them in the good opinion of the public. Nothing can be more richly stored with poetic feeling than the original compositions; and we know not how to express in stronger terms our own admiration for the photographs than by declaring them to be worthy translations of Thorwaldsen's noble chisel-written poem. Another series of four circular bas-reliefs represents the Evangelists, each of them accompanied by his own proper symbolic companion—the angel, the winged lion, the winged ox, and the eagle. All the compositions are treated with the characteristic originality of the sculptor, and they are distinguished by a grandeur that rises to sublimity; and here again the photographs faithfully realise the conceptions of the great artist, and justly claim to be regarded as fine works of Art themselves.

We rejoice to be enabled to introduce to our readers this fine collection of perfectly fresh subjects in photography, which possess in themselves intrinsic qualities of such a high order, and which also are so eminently calculated to familiarise us here in England with the works of one of the master spirits of Denmark, in other words, with one of the noblest and most gifted of the sons of that country which has given us, in the person of our own Princess of Wales, one of the fairest and most amiable of its daughters.

### HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.  
THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Age of the Reformation.—Thomas Murner; his general satires.—Fruitfulness of Folly.—Hans Sachs.—The trap for fools.—Attacks on Luther.—The Pope as Antichrist.

The reign of Folly did not pass away with the fifteenth century—on the whole the sixteenth century can hardly be said to have been more sane than its predecessor, but it was agitated by a long and fierce struggle to disengage European society from the trammels of the middle ages. We have entered upon what is technically termed the *renaissance*, and are approaching the great religious reformation. The period during which the Art of printing began first to spread generally over Western Europe, was peculiarly favourable to the production of satirical books and pamphlets, and a considerable number of clever and spirited satirists and comic writers appeared towards the end of the fourteenth century, especially in Germany, where circumstances of a political character had at an early period given to the intellectual agitation a more permanent strength than it could easily or quickly gain in the great monarchies. Among the more remarkable of these satirists was Thomas Murner, who was born at Strasburg, in 1475. The circumstances even of his childhood are singular, for he was born a cripple, or became one in his earliest infancy, though he was subsequently healed, and it was so universally believed that this malady was the effect of witchcraft, that he himself wrote afterwards a treatise upon this subject under the title of "De Phitonico Contractu." The school in which he was taught may at least have encouraged his satirical spirit, for his master was Jacob Locher, the same who translated into Latin verse the "Ship of Fools" of Sebastian Brandt. At the end of the century Murner had become a Master of Arts in the University of Paris, and had entered the Franciscan order. His reputation as a German popular poet was so great, that the Emperor Maximilian I., who died in 1519, conferred upon him the crown of poetry, or in other words, made him poet-laureate. He took the degree of doctor in theology in 1509. Still Murner was known best as the popular writer, and he published several satirical poems, which were remarkable for the bold woodcuts that illustrated them, for engraving on wood flourished at this period. He exposed the corruptions of all classes of society, and, before the Reformation broke out, he did not even spare the corruptions of the ecclesiastical state, but soon declared himself a fierce opponent of the Reformers. When the Lutheran revolt against the Papacy became strong, our King, Henry VIII., who took a decided part against Luther, invited Murner to England, and on his return to his own country, the satiric Franciscan became more bitter against the Reformation than ever. He advocated the cause of the English monarch in a pamphlet, now very rare, in which he discussed the question whether Henry VIII. or Luther was the liar—"Antwort dem Murner uff seine frag, ob der künig von Englant ein Lügner sey oder Martinus Luther." Murner appears to have divided the people of his age into rogues and fools, or perhaps he considered the two titles as identical. His "Narrenbeschwerung," or Conspiracy of Fools, in which Brandt's idea was followed up, is supposed to have been published as early as 1506, but the first printed edition with a date, appeared in 1512. It became so popular, that it went through several editions during subsequent years; and that which I have before me was printed at Strasburg in 1518. It is, like Brandt's "Ship of Fools," a general satire against society, in which the clergy are not spared, for the writer had not yet come in face of Luther's Reformation. The cuts are superior to those of Brandt's book, and some of them are remarkable for their design and execution. In one of the earliest of them, copied in the cut No. 1, Folly is introduced in the garb of a husbandman, scattering his seed over the earth, the result of which is a very quick and flourishing crop, the fools' heads rising above

ground, almost instantaneously, like so many turnips. In a subsequent engraving, represented in our cut No. 2, Folly holds out, as an object of emulation, the fool's cap, and people of all

classes, the Pope himself, and the Emperor, and all the great dignitaries of this world, press forward eagerly to seize upon it.

The same year (1512) witnessed the appearance



Fig. 1.—SOWING A FRUITFUL CROP.

of another poetical, or at least metrical, satire by Murner, entitled "Scholmenzunft," or the Confraternity of Rogues, similarly illustrated with very

spirited engravings on wood. It is another demonstration of the prevailing dominion of folly under its worst forms, and the satire is equally



Fig. 2.—AN ACCEPTABLE OFFERING.

general with the preceding. Murner's satire appears to have been felt not only generally, but personally, and we are told that he was often

threatened with assassination, and he raised up a number of literary opponents, who treated him with no little rudeness; in fact, he had got on the

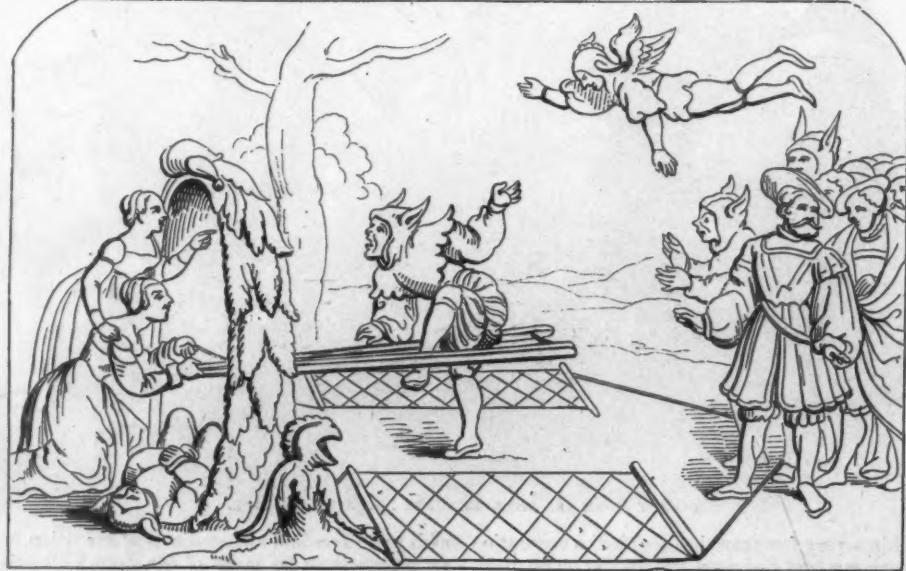


Fig. 3.—BIRD-TRAPS.

wrong side of politics, or at all events on the unpopular side, and men who had more talents and greater weight appeared as his opponents—men like Ulrich von Utten, and Luther himself.

Among the satirists who espoused the cause to which Murner was opposed, we must not overlook a man who represented in its strongest features, though in a rather debased form, the

old spontaneous poetry of the middle ages. His name was Hans Sachs, at least that was the name under which he was known, for his real name is said to have been Lourdorffer. His spirit was entirely that of the old wandering minstrel, and it was so powerful in him, that, having been apprenticed to the craft of a weaver, he was no sooner freed from his indentures, than he took to a vagabond life, and wandered from town to town, gaining his living by singing the verses he composed upon every occasion which presented itself. In 1519, he married and settled in Nuremberg, and his compositions were then given to the public through the press. The number of these was quite extraordinary—songs, ballads, satires, and dramatic pieces, rude in style, in accordance with the taste of the time, but full of cleverness. Many of them were printed on broadsides, and illustrated with large engravings on wood. Hans Sachs joined in the crusade against the empire of Folly, and one of his broadsides is illustrated with a graceful design, the greater part of which is copied in our cut No. 3. A party of ladies have set a bird-trap to catch the fools of the age, who are waiting to be caught. One fool is caught in the trap, while another is already secured and pinioned, and others are rushing into the snare. A number of people of the world, high in their dignities and stations, are looking on at this remarkable scene.

The influence of the female sex was at this time proverbial, and, in fact, it was an age of extreme licentiousness. Another poet-laureate of the time, Henricus Bebelius, born in the latter half of the fifteenth century, and rather well known in the literature of his time, published in 1515, a satirical poem in Latin under the title of "Triumphus Veneris," which was a sort of exposition of the generally licentious character of the age in which he lived. It is distributed into six books, in the third of which the poet attacks the whole ecclesiastical state, not sparing the Pope himself, and we are thereby perfectly well initiated into the weaknesses of the clergy. Bebelius had been preceded by another writer on this part of the subject, and we might say by many, for the incontinence of monks and nuns, and indeed of all the clergy, had long been a subject of satire. But the writer to whom I especially allude was named Paulus Olearius, his name in German being Oelschlägel. He published about the year 1500 a satirical tract, under the title of "De Fide Concubinarum in Sacerdotes." It was a bitter attack on the licentiousness of the clergy, and was rendered more effective by the engravings which accompanied it. We give one of these as a curious picture of contemporary manners; the individual who comes within the range of the lady's attractions, though he may be a scholar,



Fig. 4.—COURTSHIP.

has none of the characteristics of a priest. The lady presents a nosegay, which we may suppose to represent the influence of perfume upon the senses, but the love of the ladies for pet animals is especially typified in the monkey, attached by a chain. A donkey appears to show by his heels his contempt for the lover.

The shafts of satire were early employed

against Luther and his new principles, and men like Murner, already mentioned, Emser, Cochlaeus, and others, signalled themselves by their zeal in the papal cause. As already stated, Murner distinguished himself as the literary ally of our King Henry VIII. The taste for satirical writings had then become so general, that Murner complains in one of his satires that the printers would print nothing but abusive or satirical works, and neglected his more serious writings.

"Da sind die trucker schuld daran  
Die trucken als die Gauchereien,  
Und lassen mein ernstliche blücher leihen."

Some of Murner's writings against Luther, most of which are now very rare, are extremely violent, and they are generally illustrated with satirical woodcuts. One of these books, printed without name of place or date, is entitled, "Of the Great Lutheran Fool, how he has conspired against Doctor Murner" (*Von dem grossen Lutherischen Narren, wie in Doctor Murner beschworen hat*). In the woodcuts to this book Murner himself is introduced, as is usually the case in these satirical engravings, under the character of a Franciscan friar, with the head of a cat, while Luther appears as a fat and jolly monk, wearing a fool's cap, and figuring in various ridiculous circumstances. In one of the first woodcuts, the cat Franciscan is



Fig. 5.—FOLLY IN MONASTIC HABIT.

drawing a rope so tight round the great Lutheran fool's neck, that he compels him to disgorge a multitude of smaller fools. In another the great Lutheran fool has his purse, or pouch, full of little fools suspended at his girdle. This latter figure is copied in the cut No. 5, as an example of the form under which the great reformer appears in these satirical representations.

In a few other caricatures of this period which have been preserved, the apostle of the Reformation is attacked still more savagely. The one here given (Fig. 6), taken from a contemporary engraving on wood, presents a rather fantastic figure of the demon playing on the bagpipes. The instrument is formed of Luther's head, the pipe through which the devil blows entering his ear, and that through which the music is produced forming an elongation of the reformer's nose. It was a broad intimation that Luther was a mere tool of the evil one, created for the purpose of bringing mischief into the world.

The reformers, however, were more than a match for their opponents in this sort of warfare. Luther himself was full of comic and satiric humour, and a mass of the talent of that age was ranged on his side, both literary and artistic. After the reformer's marriage, the papal party quoted the old legend, that Antichrist was to be born of the union of a monk and a nun, and it was intimated that if Luther himself could not be directly identified with Antichrist, he had, at least, a fair chance of becoming his parent. But the reformers had resolved, on what appeared to be much more conclusive evidence, the doctrine that Antichrist was only emblematical of the papacy, that under this form he had been long dominant on earth, and that the end of his reign was then approaching. A remarkable pamphlet, designed to place this idea pictorially before the public, was produced from the pencil of Luther's friend, the celebrated painter, Lucas Cranach, and appeared in the year 1521 under the title of

"The Passionale of Christ and Antichrist" (*Passional Christi und Antichristi*). It is a small quarto, each page of which is nearly filled by a woodcut, having a few lines of explanation in German below. The cut to the left represents some incident in the life of Christ, while that facing it to the right gives a contrasting fact in the history of papal dominion. Thus the first cut on the left represents Jesus, in his humility, refusing earthly dignities and power, while on the adjoining page we see the Pope, with his cardinals



Fig. 6.—THE MUSIC OF THE DEMON.

and bishops, supported by his hosts of warriors, his cannon, and his fortifications, in his temporal dominion over secular princes. When we open again we see on one side Christ crowned with thorns by the insulting soldiery, and on the other the pope, enthroned in all his worldly glory, exacting the worship of his courtiers. On another we have Christ washing the feet of his disciples, and in contrast the Pope compelling the Emperor to kiss his toe. And so on, through a number of



Fig. 7.—THE DESCENT OF THE POPE.

curious illustrations, until at last we come to Christ's ascension into heaven, in contrast with which a troop of demons, of the most varied and singular forms, have seized upon the papal Antichrist, and are casting him down into the flames of hell, where some of his own monks wait to receive him. This last picture is drawn with so much spirit, that I have copied it in the cut No. 7.

JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND,  
BY CARL WERNER.

The drawings of scenes and localities of prominent interest in the Holy Land, which Carl Werner exhibited last spring at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, most naturally led to a series of commissions to produce a considerable number of pictures from his numerous collection of finished sketches in the same ever attractive region. Mr. Werner left London for his home at Leipzig about the middle of May last, and that he has been actively employed in his studio since his return, he has proved in the most convincing manner by the admirable collection of new works, which now form an exhibition in themselves in the gallery of his own society in Pall Mall. This collection, when quite complete, consists of thirty large drawings; when opened to the public shortly before the close of the last year, in a few instances the drawings were represented by the original sketches themselves, the new drawings of these particular subjects not having been finished at that time. These sketches were exhibited, and their presence in the Exhibition was decidedly gratifying to all visitors who had not had any opportunity of inspecting Mr. Werner's portfolio while he was in this country last year, and who yet might desire to see what kind of sketches the artist would be content to accept as authorities for the production of his finished drawings. We ourselves should rejoice, indeed, to see the whole of the original sketches exhibited, with the finished pictures that Mr. Werner has painted from them. This entire collection of drawings will be reproduced in chromo-lithography by the Messrs. Hanhart for Messrs. Moore, McQueen, and Co., the well-known print-sellers of Berners Street and Fenchurch Street, who are the proprietors of the original drawings by Mr. Werner.

Carl Werner has put forth his full strength in the execution of this equally beautiful and valuable series of drawings, and he has shown that he is now able to work both with still greater ease and with still more powerful effectiveness than he had taught us to look for in earlier productions of his pencil. In every drawing richness of colouring, and a truly marvellous fidelity of rendering varied texture, are combined with judicious and skilful composition and that evidently faithful truthfulness of representation which in such subjects is of peculiar importance. His style of Art and his method of treatment have been too frequently the subject of critical notice in our columns, to render it even desirable to enter upon a minute criticism of the collection of drawings which have been Carl Werner's latest productions; at the same time we should fail to do justice to the accomplished artist did we not particularly remark upon the felicitous combination of vigour and delicacy, which in so signal a manner characterises these fine drawings. Always broad and freely handled, these drawings are suffused with a rich vein of thought, and on a careful examination, the conscientious and jealous carefulness with which they have been worked out in all their details and accessories becomes apparent. It must be added that, while thus of the highest order of excellence in themselves as examples of their own order of drawings in water-colours, these views in the Holy Land are exactly suited for the happiest and most effective reproduction by the chromo-lithographic process.

The lithographs, which may be expected to commence making their appearance in the coming summer, will be also works of Art of a high order, such as may be regarded as true pictures of scenes and places that are without a parallel on the earth; while they also will be genuine expressions of the feeling and manner of an artist, who is so deservedly held in the highest estimation.

We observe that it has been objected to Mr. Werner that he accepts with ready credulity all the legendary and local traditions as to the so-called "Holy Places" of the Holy City and of Bethlehem. This imputation rests solely upon the circumstance that the several drawings bear the same titles that on the spot are now borne by the localities which they represent. Mr. Werner is not by any means a bad archaeologist,

neither is he more disposed to be credulous than the most cautious of his critics; he may indeed call places as they are called by the people who inhabit them, or in whose guardianship they are; but this does not in the slightest degree imply his readiness to accept as historic verities, what he knows quite well to be no more than the fictions which grow out of facts, and which but too commonly both obscure and pervert them. We may add that after a careful examination and study of the localities themselves, Mr. Werner inclines to accept the prevalent belief as to the site of the Holy Sepulchre, in opposition to the theories of Mr. Ferguson.

This series of drawings contains eighteen views of Jerusalem itself, seven views in the immediate neighbourhood of the Holy City, and five views of Bethlehem and Bethany with the mountains of Moab and the Dead Sea. Of the eighteen views of Jerusalem, six are devoted to the group of buildings which bear the one common title of the "Church of the Holy Sepulchre," two others are devoted to the "Interior of the Mosque of Omar," an edifice apparently of Roman origin, which was reduced to its present condition and use by the Khalif Abdel Melik, in A.D. 686. In one of these two drawings of this celebrated mosque, the "Holy Rock," which crops out from the pavement, is represented with admirable truthfulness and the most masterly skill, the rich canopy that hangs above it, and the rough hard rock itself gleaming in the glow of the brilliant mid-day sunshine which darted in through the open doorway, and lit up the otherwise dim edifice while the artist was busy with his sketch. This "Holy Rock" is believed to be both the scene of Abraham's sacrifice on Mount Moriah, and the very "Threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite," so famous in the days of David; and, what is most remarkable, this same holy rock is held in the highest veneration by the Mussulmans, through a tradition of their own in connection with the personal history of Mahomet himself. This picture, with that of the 'Jews' Wailing-place,' where the Israelites of to-day pray and weep over the desolation of their Holy City before the massive remains of Solomon's foundation-work, and also with a most characteristic 'General View of Jerusalem,' which includes the whole length of the Mount of Olives, and in the far-off distance shows the range of the mountains of Moab, is a special favourite with all visitors to the gallery. We may add, that the edifice entitled the 'House of Pilate,' that stands on the Temple area, and has never before been painted, is included in the first of the three groups into which we have divided the collection.

We hear that the subscription-list for the chromo-lithographs fills up in a satisfactory manner. One hint we must give to the publishers themselves—it is, that they lose no time in gilding the white or pale pink portions of the frames, which do all the damage that can be done by such means to the effect of Carl Werner's fine drawings.

ART IN IRELAND, SCOTLAND,  
AND THE PROVINCES.

ENNIS.—A colossal statue of Daniel O'Connell from the chisel of Mr. Cahill, of Dublin, is to be placed on the site of the old Court-house at Ennis.

EDINBURGH.—The prizes awarded to the students in the School of Art were distributed to the successful competitors towards the close of last year. The annual report states that the School of Art of the Board of Manufactures has been affiliated with the Department of Science and Art in London since the year 1858, and is the only Government School of Art in Edinburgh. Since the arrangements then made by the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury for this affiliation, the number of students brought under instruction in the school has greatly increased. At the annual examination of the school held in June last, when the works of 1862-63 were exhibited, the male section obtained thirty local medals, being the maximum number which the Department allows to be awarded to any one school, and the female section obtained twenty-two local medals.—Colonel W. Burns has presented to the

Burns' Monument on the Carlton Hill, the original model, by Flaxman, of a statue of his father.

PERTH.—Mr. W. S. Brodie, R.S.A., has completed the model of the statue of the late Prince Consort, to be erected in this city. The statue is to be of colossal size, about eight feet high. The Prince is represented in the robes of the Order of the Thistle, holding in his hand a drawing of the International Exhibition Building.

ANDOVER.—The pupils of the School of Art recently passed their annual examination, by Mr. S. A. Hart, R.A., one of the government inspectors, who awarded twelve prizes to competitors.

BATH.—The venerable old abbey-church of this city is to be restored, under the direction of Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A. All who know the edifice will remember the curious ornamentation of the western door-front, with its representation of Jacob's ladder, where the angels, mutilated by time and ill-usage, are seen ascending and descending, some without heads, some without arms, and others minus one or both legs.

BRIGHTON.—The annual meeting of the Brighton Art-Society, and the drawing for prizes of the Art-Union, took place in the picture-galleries of the Pavilion in December last. The subscriptions to the latter were small indeed for so large and wealthy a place as Brighton, only 271 shares having been taken. The prizes consisted of 12 pictures, valued from £5 to £20 each, and 18 Parian statuettes and busts.

GLoucester.—The drawings executed by the pupils of the School of Art in this city during the past terms, were exhibited at the Corn Exchange towards the close of last year, and the prizes awarded to the successful competitors were distributed to them. This school is one of the few that are self-supporting, under the liberal presidentship of Mr. T. Gambier Parry, and the able direction of Mr. Kemp, head-master.

SHEFFIELD.—An exhibition of works of Art, under the patronage of numerous influential inhabitants of the West Riding of Yorkshire, will be opened in this town, about the middle of the present month. In connection with it an Art-Union Society is to be formed on the basis of a shilling subscription. The prospectus says:—"It is a remarkable circumstance, that although Liverpool and Birmingham have each Art-Unions and annual exhibitions of paintings, that whilst Manchester maintains her annual exhibitions, the West Riding of Yorkshire, comprising the populous and wealthy towns of Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, Wakefield, &c., has hitherto quite ignored the claims of Art. The committee of this Art-Union hope to remove this reproach, and to place the Fine Arts on a higher platform in Yorkshire. The prizes will consist of paintings and drawings, selected from the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, the British Institution, the Royal Scottish Academy, the Suffolk Street Gallery, the Water-Colour Galleries, or other local or provincial exhibitions which evince ability and talent."

SOUTHAMPTON.—The eighth annual distribution of prizes in the School of Art in this town was made in the month of December. The number awarded by the government inspector at the last examination was stated in our columns two or three months ago. The total number of students receiving Art-instruction in direct connection with this school last year, was 1,017, and the attendance was more regular than in any previous session. To the latter fact may be attributed the large amount of successful work produced.

WARRINGTON.—On the 23rd of November last, Mr. R. G. Wylde, Inspector of Schools of Art, made his award of medals, &c., on the completion of his examination of the students' works at the Warrington School of Art. This institution has always, since its establishment, maintained a high position among provincial schools, which has been fully sustained this year, twenty-seven medals having been awarded, and seventeen of the works selected for national competition. When the limited supply of students, as compared with Manchester, Birmingham, and other large towns possessing a school of Art, is considered, this result must be very gratifying to the friends of the school. Much of the success is doubtless due to the zeal and attention of Mr. J. C. Thompson, the master, but it is also pleasing to find these have been so well responded to by the students. A remarkable fact connected with the awards is that one of the students, a youth only fourteen, named William Jenkin, has taken the unprecedented number of five medals—one for each work he has executed.

WORCESTER.—The students of the School of Art have recently presented to their late head-master, Mr. James Kyd, a handsome silver inkstand, valued at fifty guineas, as a testimonial of their esteem.

## PICTURE SALES.

MESSRS. FOSTER AND SONS sold, at their gallery in Pall Mall, in December last, a collection of about one hundred and fifty excellent water-colour drawings, which realised £3,750. The principal examples were:—three small works by W. Hunt, ‘May-blossom, Bird’s Egg, and Moss,’ ‘Holly and Grapes,’ and ‘Apple, Holly, and Grapes,’ £110 (Crofts); ‘A Rabbit Warren near the Coast,’ and its companion, ‘The Hayfield,’ J. W. Oakes, 140 gs. (Williams); ‘Landscape—Sunset,’ and a smaller composition of a similar kind, G. Barrett, £116 (Wigzell); ‘Pazzola, Gulf of Naples,’ and ‘A Scene off the Welsh Coast,’ E. Duncan, £146 (Richardson and White); ‘Scene in the Highlands,’ ‘Scene on the Banks of the Dochart, Perthshire,’ ‘Scenery near Glencoe,’ S. M. Richardson, £105 10s. (Colnaghi); ‘Grasmere,’ and ‘Windermere,’ Copley Fielding, 110 gs. (Knight); ‘Hythe,’ J. M. W. Turner, 120 gs. (Graves); ‘Mount Lebanon,’ J. M. W. Turner, exhibited at the International Gallery, 150 gs. (Graves); ‘Father’s Boots,’ W. Hunt, 150 gs. (Graves); ‘The Punt,’ B. Foster, 150 gs. (Rowney); ‘The Raging Tempest,’ E. Duncan, 140 gs. (Wilkins); ‘Tivoli,’ David Cox, after Turner, 270 gs. (Graves); ‘View off Lowestoft,’ and a smaller work, ‘The Wreck off a Port,’ G. Chambers, 91 gs. (Graves).

At the sale of the contents of Studley Castle, Warwickshire, the property of Sir Francis Goodricke, a few pictures were offered and disposed of. Among them, a ‘Portrait of George IV. when Prince of Wales,’ Reynolds, 210 gs. (Lord Clermont); ‘A Lady,’ wearing a black lace shawl, three-quarter length, Reynolds, 230 gs. (Baron Rothschild); ‘A Lady,’ wearing a white lace shawl, three-quarter length, Reynolds, 125 gs. (Lord Clermont); ‘Landscape, with Peasants and Cattle,’ Gainsborough, 111 gs. (Davis).

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—M. Augustus Hesse has been elected a member of the Académie des Beaux Arts in the room of the late Eugène Delacroix. M. Adolphe Yvon has, it is understood, withdrawn his name from the list of candidates for academical honours.—The statue of Napoleon I., in the costume of old Rome, has been placed on the column in the Place Vendôme.—M. Eugène Desjebert, one of the most distinguished landscape-painters of France, and a member of the Légion d’Honneur, died in November last.—The *Moniteur* contained recently a long ministerial “decree,” reorganising the *Ecole Impériale et Spéciale des Beaux Arts*, of which Mr. Robert Fleury has been appointed director for five years.—The following have been named as superior council of the Imperial Schools of Fine Arts: Duc de Morny, superintendent and director of the school; Senators Dumas and Mérimée, General Moïse, Léon Cogniet, painter; Müller, painter; Duret and Cavellier, sculptors; de Gisors and Lefuel, architects; and Théophile Gautier, *homme-de-lettres*.—Foyatier, a sculptor of good repute, died suddenly, in his atelier, in the month of December. His principal works are statues of Spartacus, Cincinnatus, Joan of Arc, La Siesta, &c. He gained a second-class medal for sculpture in 1819, and was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1834.—At a recent sale of the drawings made from pictures at Versailles, for the purpose of engraving, M. Massard’s copy of Horace Vernet’s ‘Taking of the Smala,’ sold for upwards of £200.

COLOGNE.—A picture in the possession of Mr. Samuel Baruch, of Cologne, is exciting attention among the Art-critics of Germany. It is a portrait, assumed to be that of Catherine Von Bora, wife of Luther, and it is said to be by Lucas Cranach. We have received a pamphlet by Dr Max Schasler, reprinted at Berlin from the German Art-periodical, *Die Diocuren*, in which the writer comes to the conclusion that the picture is Cranach’s, but that the portrait represents the lady in question is not so evident, though the probability is in its favour. It appears that a few years ago the picture was submitted to the critical examination of the Berlin Scientific Society of Arts, but that learned body left the matter undecided.

BERLIN will not be behind Munich in doing honour to the memory of Schiller; the jury appointed to select the model for his monument has chosen the design sent in by Reinhold Begas.

## ANOTHER BLOW FOR LIFE.

BY GEORGE GODWIN, F.R.S.

(Published by W. H. Allen.)

If it be a trite, it is certainly a true, saying, that “one half the world does not know how the other half lives.” It is not only “the gay licentious proud” who are deaf to the daily uttered murmurs of the poor; thousands who would willingly relieve sufferings are not in the way to hear of them; nay, circumstances keep in comparative ignorance even the considerate and the benevolent. The moment a case of misery is made public, hundreds are found ready to minister relief; the rich open wide their purses, while many who have but little give of that little. An article in the *Times* describing any case of wretchedness without vice is sure to be followed next day and on succeeding days by long lists of subscriptions received. There is no lack of charity in England. “Supported by voluntary contributions” may well have been mistaken by foreigners for some sort of national motto. There is hardly a human ailment for which there is no hospital: the maimed, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the idiots, the incurables, have their “institutions,” all supported by donations and bequests. Nay, aged governesses, decayed ladies, even maimed pensioners, are cared for in a way that would have been inconceivable to our ancestors, and of which residents in continental countries can form no idea. Taxation provides for the workhouses, the insane asylums, and the prisons, but the private purses of the people supply means ten times as great as that which is furnished by legal compulsion.

Charity in Great Britain is indeed a fountain ever full and fertile in its flow. Yet, from time to time, intelligence comes to us of the fearful amount of misery for which benevolence and legislation fail to provide any cure. The prosperous who walk through the highways are indisposed to look into the byways of life; they will relieve suffering when it is brought palpably before them; it is, perhaps, expecting too much to require that they should search it out. It may not be—indeed it generally is not—the stony heart alone that makes no response to the cry of misery, nor is it by any means always the cruel by whom the sentence is uttered—

“And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe  
Intrude upon my ear?”

There is an indifference more disastrous than deliberate wrong, a supineness more destructive than actual cruelty. It is this indifference and this supineness against which laborious sympathisers are now speaking and writing, and making themselves heard and read. Yet it is not easy to credit their statements, or to accept as facts the terrible records they lay before us; it requires the sanction of a respected name to induce belief that in the City of London, and in all parts of the Kingdom, there exists a “system,” which not only demoralises and brings death in a hundred shapes, but which engenders disease that crawls from the hovel to the palace, yet is as capable of remedy as the mending of our roads, or the sweeping of our streets.

Let any one read this remarkable book, and it will surely convince him not only that the evil is great and growing, but that it is comparatively easy of removal; that while existing legislation can do much, laws that do not exist, might be made so acceptable that nine-tenths of the curse that afflicts society could no longer prevail against it. We have in this volume not only the bane but the antidote.

Mr. Godwin is a brave man. There are thousands who would dare the battle-field and the breach with unshaking courage—to whom either victory or death is glory; but there are not many who would enter, fearlessly, the pest-house as Mr. Godwin has done, bringing thence appalling pictures, which his pen and pencil have sketched.

Let us first glance over the forty engravings by which this book is “illustrated.” They represent “homes” in Bethnal Green; lodging-houses in the same dismal locality—interiors and exteriors; cellar “dwellings,” “gardens,” infant “nursery” rooms; tea-gardens in the East, surrounded by a black stagnant ditch; family

“stowage”—a little room containing nine “sleepers,” “artificial flower makers,” “blighting the bud” in a house wherein two hundred young women are working, without space and without air; the same with a mass of shoemakers; dangers from “adjacent” mews; miserable alleys and houses in the very centre of London; beer cellars.

This list will, in a measure, indicate the subjects treated. But the matter taken up is very varied; considered by an architect, a philanthropist, a close examiner, and a sound reasoner—comprising in fact every topic to which public attention ought to be directed, not only to diminish the ills that flesh is heir to, but to prevent disease and death from visiting places in which the high-born and wealthy live. Bethnal Green, Spitalfields, and Islington are far away from May Fair; but who shall arrest the spread of a pestilence created and nursed into power in wretched lanes and crowded rooms, of which we have such appalling details, within a mile of Cornhill?

Let it be remembered that these are no fancy sketches: read in a work of fiction they might be rejected as exaggerations if not inventions. There is no pest-place pictured or described which Mr. Godwin has not personally inspected. The names and places are continually given. He does not ask his readers to accompany him and share the perils he has bravely and often encountered; but he does ask them to ponder over these frightful details, and aid him to accomplish the diminution of evils, the very thought of which is appalling to an enlightened and Christian people.

Notwithstanding the awful nature of his theme, he has made his book interesting. It is full of illustrative anecdote. While there is no pretence in the style, no semblance of fine writing, it is the production of a scholar and a gentleman, deeply anxious to have his views known and adopted, but bearing in mind that a degree of refinement may strengthen and not weaken forcible language and energetic thought.

This is not the first time Mr. Godwin has appealed to society on behalf of its wretched outcasts. He was among the earliest, if not the very earliest, of the workers who seek to ameliorate the condition of humanity as we find it at our doors. In the publication he conducts—the *Builder*—year after year, during many years past, the subject has been treated—with some effect no doubt; for bad as things are they have been worse. To Mr. Godwin is undoubtedly due the merit of having consistently and continuously laboured to effect a radical change in the state of those purloins of the metropolis into which his professional duties sometimes lead him, but to which he is more often conducted by benevolence. It is needless to advise him to persevere. He is sure to do it. May he have his reward in finding his plans universally adopted.

The book is not all shadow. The closing chapter shows that much may be done, and that something has been done, to ameliorate the condition of the poor in London—that even health-giving flowers may be cultivated in “Metropolitan parishes”—and that the light and air of Heaven have been let in to many quarters from which, not long ago, both were effectually shut out. The author is by no means hopeless—not even despairing. He looks forward to a not distant time when few or none of the evils he deprecates will sadden, while they reproach, thinking women and men. None of them are beyond remedy; few of them are even difficult to cope with; many are easy of removal at once; while, with all of them, legislation may grapple with a certainty of ultimate triumph.

The following are the concluding passages of Mr. Godwin’s most valuable book:—

“We have crept from the town to the country, from the filthy dens in which men, women, and children are brutalised and destroyed, to the spirit-raising and blood-purifying garden; and we will not return to dirt, damp, darkness, degradation, disease, and death. We ask with as much solemn earnestness as we may venture to assume, for attention to the miserable state of things set forth, and for as much aid as can be obtained to effect an improvement. This is no mere word-mongering—no book-making—it is in all sincerity and seriousness what it professes to be—**A BLOW FOR LIFE!**”

## KEITH'S WORKS IN ALUMINIUM.

It is one of the hard and perilous conditions to which new processes and new materials are but too commonly subjected, that in the first instance they attract the special attention of precisely the class of persons who are least calculated to work them out successfully. Sometimes, however, a fresh career commences under happier auspices, and untried qualities and latent capabilities are developed from the first by men who are thoroughly qualified for the work they have undertaken. The recently discovered metal, aluminium, has had the rare good fortune to fall into excellent hands, at a very early period after the fact of its existence had become positively established.

Mr. Keith, of Westmoreland Place in the City Road, has long enjoyed a deservedly high reputation for his ecclesiastical plate; indeed, in designing and producing in the precious metals whatever vessels and other objects may be required in the services of the Church, for many years Mr. Keith has known no superior. His chalices have long rivalled the finest and most precious of the early examples of this class of the goldsmith's productions; and, in like manner, various other works might be particularly specified, all of them of the same order, and all of them also equally worthy of the highest possible commendation. With such an experience as this in dealing with gold and silver, Mr. Keith has devoted no inconsiderable portion of both his attention and his time to the treatment of aluminium. He has brought the new material to the test of experiment; its natural properties he has thoughtfully and carefully investigated; he has ascertained what the aluminium is capable of effecting, whether in a pure state, or in combination with other metals as an alloy; and having matured his inquiries and his trials, he has taken the important step in advance, of producing a great variety of objects both in pure aluminium and in an alloy of aluminium and copper. We have had these various productions of Mr. Keith brought formally under our notice; and we have much pleasure in inviting the attention of our readers to what Mr. Keith has already done and is now in the act of doing in aluminium.

It will be understood that this metal is characterised by an extraordinary lightness, while at the same time it resists oxydation. Moisture and the action of acids are powerless with aluminium. The metal and its alloys may be liable to become tarnished, but in this case they do but yield to the same influences that act so powerfully upon silver; and it must be added that the aluminium is cleaned and restored to a condition of unsullied purity with much greater ease than silver itself. The bronze that is formed from an alloy of copper with various proportions of aluminium, is also affected in a very slight degree by exposure to atmospheric and other influences, and it is cleaned and polished with the utmost facility and in the simplest manner. At the present moment Mr. Keith is earnestly endeavouring to bring this remarkable metal into general use, and he certainly is working with sound judgment as well as with indefatigable earnestness and resolution. Every variety of the simplest and commonest object that can be formed for daily use in metal, Mr. Keith is producing in aluminium and aluminium-bronze; thus leading the public mind up to the application of the same materials to works of a high artistic character. We have carefully examined both the more ambitious and the simplest of Mr. Keith's productions, and we are enabled to speak of them all in terms of decided approval. The more costly works are of great beauty of form, as we should have, of course, expected from Mr. Keith; and they also attest in a very gratifying manner the varied capabilities of the new materials, and their applicability to the highest purposes of metal-working. With the humbler objects we have been equally pleased: for example, aluminium thimbles, which never corrode, and are so light that the wearers would scarcely be conscious of their presence, cannot fail to be popular; knives and forks for fruit, or for eating fish, again, made of this metal, proclaim their own value. In like manner vessels of aluminium must be of especial utility at sea, where they can discharge

duties commonly assigned to glass, without any risk of breaking, when broken glass cannot be replaced. Without attempting to go any further into detail, we commend Mr. Keith's works most heartily to the public, convinced that they merit a trial, and that when tried they will most fully bear out our high opinion of them. We ourselves shall watch with the greatest interest the progress of Mr. Keith's honourable efforts to use in a becoming manner one of the most remarkable of the metals; and it will afford us sincere gratification to be enabled to support his efforts and to stimulate and encourage his exertions.

Aluminium, which combines freely with other metals, and imparts to them, when in combination, its own distinctive qualities, is itself a pure metal; and since it is obtained from certain clays that are present in almost every region of the earth, it would seem to have been particularly designed to be universally useful to man. It may require time to reconcile us to the recognition of this new metal under a wide variety of conditions, and we may hesitate before we regularly accept it even for the uses for which it plainly appears to be signally applicable; still, Mr. Keith, an experienced and eminently successful worker in the old metals, believes firmly in the soundness of his own views with regard to the new metal, so we shall not hesitate to share in Mr. Keith's faith, and we earnestly desire to witness his triumphant success in convincing the public at large of both the justice of his views and the excellence of his productions.

## THE READING GIRL.

ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE FROM THE STATUE BY P. MAGNI.

To the large majority of our readers this statue is so well known, it may be presumed, that we need say nothing about a work which everybody looked at as one of the leading attractions of the sculpture in the International Exhibition.

To criticise at all, even were we so inclined, that whereon almost universal opinion had set the seal of approbation, would be to buffet hopelessly with a contending stream; and to criticise it on the principles which guided the old Greek sculptors in their ideas of the art, would be an absurdity, for it has nothing in common with them. Men of our time and country could, as a rule, no more recognise and appreciate the real merits of the 'Laocoon,' the 'Apollo Belvidere,' and the 'Discus-thrower,' than we should expect to dig up from some old ruins in Greece or Italy another 'Reading Girl' by Phidias, or a 'Veiled Vestal' by Praxiteles. Modern sculpture almost everywhere turns from the ideal classicality of the ancients, as modern painting, to be popular in England, abjures the quaintness of the old Italian painters. We are a realistic people, and Pietro Magni's 'Reading Girl' is a type of the realistic school of sculpture. Whether Art in its highest attributes is a gainer or loser by this revolution of feeling, is a question we are not now called upon to discuss.

As a specimen of its class, then, this figure is a true, faithful, and even beautiful embodiment, graceful in form, natural in its attitude, simple and maidenly in expression. The book she reads we may be assured is a good book, for the girl's face is thoughtful and serious: it occupies her entire attention. Simplicity also characterises every part of the composition, even to the folds of the drapery, which are everywhere light and unconventional. The sculptor, too, has very judiciously got rid of some of the cross-bars of the chair—we wish he had concealed more—by throwing a cloak partially over them, a treatment, moreover, that adds to the richness of the composition.

Considering how successfully Signor Magni has carried out this idea, and how this commanded itself to popular feeling and favour, we do not wonder at the enthusiasm the figure created, and are assured that our subscribers will be glad to receive such a memorial of it as we are now enabled, by the courtesy of the Stereoscopic Company, to whom the work belongs, to offer them.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE  
ON  
SCHOOLS OF ART.

At a meeting in Exeter, for the distribution of prizes to the students in the Art-school of that city, Sir Stafford Northcote spoke eloquently and impressively in reference to the progress of British Art, and especially of Industrial Art, taking a very encouraging view of the subject, according to the evidence of to-day as contrasted with that of a very few years ago. Our readers will thank us for a few extracts:

"I venture to say the movement which is now claiming our sympathies is one which has a very strong claim upon the national interests. I venture to say this because England has taken up Art-education advisedly, and is reaping the most signal benefits from it. . . . I had the other day occasion to look at some returns presented to the House of Commons quite recently, out of which I took some figures so remarkable that I will request your permission to read them. They are some figures comparing the exports of England generally between the years 1840 and 1862. And I find this, that in the year 1840 the value of British manufactures exported in a finished state was nearly £26,000,000, whereas in 1862 it was upwards of £82,000,000, the increase being about 127 per cent. That is a story which we all know, and very satisfactory it is to the country at large. But I wished to go a little further. I wanted to see how far that exportation was due, or could in any way be attributed to, the exertions which have been made in England of late years to improve the taste of our manufactures. Therefore I went a little carefully into these statistics, and endeavoured to ascertain what had been the increase in those articles in the production of which taste is particularly required. It is not very easy to separate those articles, because, of course, we know in a great many cases with regard to cotton goods and woollens, and many other things, that they are all put together in the returns; and yet a large number of them may be articles upon which a great deal of labour and a great deal of taste have been bestowed. Therefore, all I could do was to select from the list of general exports a few articles which I believe you will admit are for the most part articles upon the production of which taste is particularly employed. I took the articles of carriages; of earthenware and porcelain, which is an item particularly interesting, because it is in her earthenware and porcelain that England has especially made progress of late years; furniture, cabinet and upholstery wares; glass manufactures, in which a great deal of beautiful work has of late been done; haberdashery and millinery, which I suppose would depend a good deal upon the taste of the country; pictures, plate, jewellery, and watches; silk manufactures, paper-hangings, and toys—and taking these articles, upon which, as a body, I presume our taste is particularly employed, I found the value of those exported in 1840 was £2,700,000, whereas in 1862 it was just above £8,000,000, showing an increase of £5,250,000, or about 196 per cent.; so that I discovered that while the general advance of our manufactures in these twenty years had been rather more than 125 per cent., it had been very nearly 200 per cent. in those particular articles which demand the exercise of taste. Now I think it is not a little remarkable that during the very time in which we have admitted the goods of all other nations who were supposed to be so much our superiors in taste to compete freely with us—while we admitted the goods of France and of all other countries where Art has been encouraged, for so many years, to come in free competition with our own, we nevertheless have been able to export those particular goods in respect of which we competed with them—goods in the production of which taste enters so largely—able to meet our rivals, and to beat them upon the open ground. . . . And I maintain that we have bestowed our time and our labour well upon this work which we have been carrying on, and that there is every encouragement for us to carry it on still further."



## KEITH'S WHISKEY IN ALUMINUM.

In view of the hard and perilous conditions in which our countrymen and our materials are but too often subjected, that in the first instance they draw the special attention of present-day persons who are least calculated to notice them and, presumably, sometimes, a really severe commencement under harshest regiments and strictest qualities and latest developments are demanded from the first. These who are thoroughly qualified for the work have undertaken. The recently discovered metal, aluminum, has had the slow growth of all but excellent metals, as a very early period after the fact of its existence had been established.

Mr. Keith's Scotch Whisky in aluminum cans has now reached a thousand

cases per week, and is being distributed throughout the United States.

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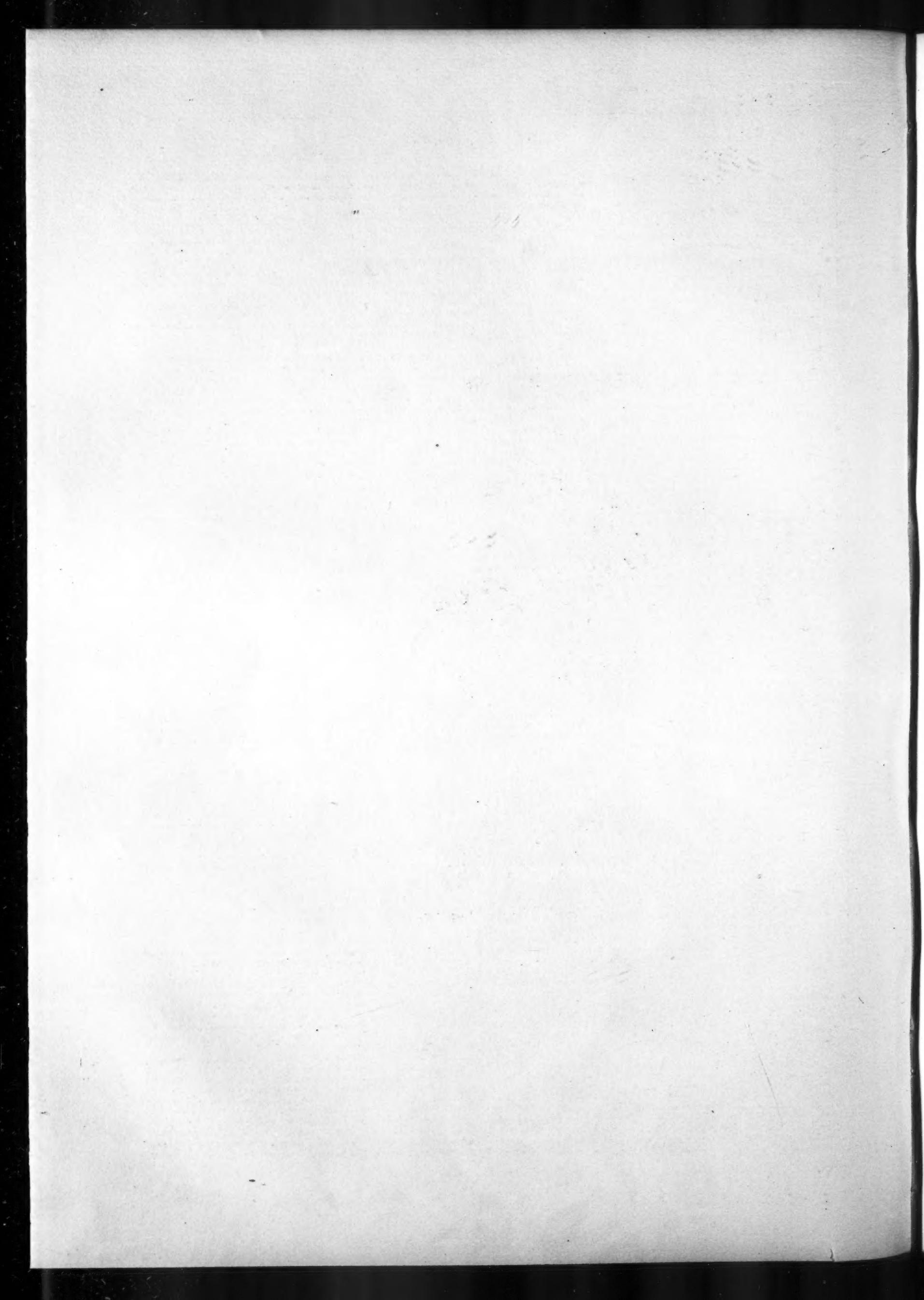
tion is 100 per cent.



THE READING GIRL.

ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE, FROM THE STATUE BY P. MAGNI, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.



## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

**THE ROYAL ACADEMY.**—Edward William Cooke, Esq., and John Everett Millais, Esq., have been elected members of the Royal Academy. These elections will be as satisfactory to the public as they are to the profession. Of the genius and rare ability of Millais there can be no doubt, although possibly there has been a lack of justice in promoting so young an associate over the head of the long popular and accomplished painter Frost. Cooke, whose talent is hereditary, ranks foremost among marine painters, and is universally esteemed. These are, in all respects, valuable acquisitions to the Royal Academy—as artists and as gentlemen. There are now no fewer than five vacancies for associates; one of them must be a sculptor. It cannot be difficult to foretell who that sculptor will be.

**SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.**—The Art-library of this institution has received an addition, by purchase, of a large number of original designs by Matthias Lock and Chippendale, celebrated designers and wood-carvers from 1740 to 1780. A portion of this collection was in the late International Exhibition.

**THE LATE W. MULREADY, R.A.**—At a meeting of the committee for raising subscriptions for a memorial to this artist, it was resolved to recommend the subscribers to carry out the object on the following plan:—To erect a suitable monument over the grave of Mulready at Kensal Green; to offer a bust of him to the trustees of the National Gallery or National Portrait Gallery; and to devote any surplus funds to the establishment of a "Mulready Prize," open to students of the Royal Academy.

**THE NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.**—A model of this truly important and interesting work has been prepared, under the immediate direction and superintendence of the architect, Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., for the express purpose of being submitted to her Majesty the Queen at Windsor. The model, which in itself is a beautiful work of Art, has been placed before the Queen, and explained by Mr. Scott himself. We propose very shortly to give in our own pages a carefully executed engraving of this memorial, and accordingly reserve both a full description and a critical examination of the design until our engraving shall be ready for publication. Meanwhile, now that a worthy memorial, one also consistent in itself, and thoroughly qualified to commemorate the great and good Consort of the sovereign, is certain to be erected, we at once call upon our readers to come forward again with the enthusiasm that was both felt and expressed two years ago, to augment the subscription and to enable the artists entrusted with the execution of this work to complete it with unrivalled magnificence, and yet without any grant of public money. The Prince Consort Memorial must be indeed a national work, but it ought also to be produced by the voluntary private subscriptions of the nation.

**THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.**—The only portrait added to this collection since our last notice is that of Lord Hervey, Lord Privy Seal in the reign of George II. It was presented in December last, by the Marquis of Bristol. Vanloo was the artist; his work is a production of little merit. The rooms are now full, insomuch that no more pictures can be hung. Sir George Hayter's picture, 'The Reformed Parliament,' belongs to this collection, but it cannot be placed, and is therefore kept in one of the committee rooms of the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone is one of the trustees, and he is desirous of placing this collection at South Kensington. But in this the other trustees do not acquiesce; they wish to retain the gallery in London. During the ensuing session some suitable abiding-place, it is believed, will be determined on.

At a late election held by the Institute of Water-Colour Painters (late New Water-Colour Society), Mr. Charles Cattermole was chosen an associate. There were eleven candidates.

**W. M. THACKERAY.**—The lamented death of this eminent author has been recorded in all the journals. His loss will be deeply felt; a high soul has been called from earth. His numerous works are with us—great teachers, to delight and

to instruct. We can ill spare him when men of intellectual power are so few. In early life he was an artist, his writings give evidence of this, and the education to which his youth was in part subjected must have been of rare value to him in after life, when written portraiture became so thoroughly his craft. It is needless for us to give a memoir of this estimable gentleman and author, but we may print a line in unison with the general expression of sorrow for his death. Mr. Thackeray was scarcely in his grave before an unseemly discussion was held, as it were, over his remains. A statement or a "rumour" was in circulation that the London Shakspere Testimonial Committee had refused to receive him as one of the vice-presidents, whereupon the *Athenaeum*, the organ of the committee, is sternly indignant, and denies *in toto* that there was any ground for so unworthy a report. Immediately following this assertion a letter appears in various newspapers signed "Henry Vizetelly," "an active member of the committee," giving a direct "contradiction" to the statements "the *Athenaeum* has thought proper to put forth." This contradiction is clear and emphatic, taking the assertions one by one, and giving to each a solemn "denial." We repeat what we have said elsewhere: it is deeply to be deplored that a theme in which all ought to join with a whole heart has originated so much of bitterness and wrath. The evil is great, and its influence cannot but prejudice efforts to produce a "National Testimonial."

**THE NATIONAL GALLERY.**—One of the pictures by Turner in this collection has received some slight injury, by being wilfully cut with a penknife by a person named Walter Stephenson; the act seems to have been that of a maniac, for the perpetrator, when taken into custody, could give no rational reason for what he had done. Stephenson was tried at the last Middlesex Sessions, in January, for the offence, and, having pleaded guilty, was remanded till the next sessions, to allow of some inquiries being made about him.

**THE ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' SOCIETY** held its first *conversazione* for the season on the 28th of January, after we had gone to press. The others are fixed for February 28, March 31, and May 5.

**THE LONDON INSTITUTION.**—On the evenings of the 14th and 21st of December, Mr. James Dafforne delivered a lecture before the members of this literary and scientific society: the first on "The Poetry of the Arts;" the second on "The British School of Art, Past and Present."

**MR. DURHAM** has offered to execute and present to the Garrick Club a bust of the late Mr. Thackeray.

**TWO NEW MUSEUMS.**—The Commissioners of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings advertise for "designs" from architects for two new museums to be erected on part of the land at South Kensington, "used in 1862 for the International Exhibition."

**MR. WILLIAM BEHNES,** for many years one of our best portrait sculptors, died last month, at a somewhat advanced age. We must postpone any notice of him till our next number.

**FOLEY'S STATUE OF GOLDSMITH** was inaugurated in Dublin on the 5th of January, the Lord Lieutenant presiding. The address stated that the public had been enabled to pronounce their verdict upon it as a work of Art, and there had been an unanimous expression of opinion that it is "one of which Ireland may justly feel proud, not only as a worthy memorial of historic greatness, but as an evidence and trophy of living genius." There seems, indeed, to be but one opinion everywhere—that the work is one of the most perfect and admirable productions of Art the world has of late years seen. Mr. Foley is preparing a "companion" statue of Edmund Burke.

**THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The Directors, being desirous to add further to the popularity of the picture gallery, offer the sum of 200 gs., to be awarded in prizes for pictures, as follows:—1. For the best Historical or Figure Picture, in oil, 60 gs.; 2. For any other subject, not Figures, 40 gs.; 3. For the best Water-colour Drawing, irrespective of subject, 20 gs.; 4. For the best Picture (irrespective of subject) by a French artist, resident on the Continent, 40 gs. (1,050 francs); 5. For the best Picture (irrespective of subject) by a foreign artist, not French, resident on the

Continent, 40 gs. (1,050 francs). Well-known judges and patrons of Art will be nominated to award the prizes. The conditions of competition may be obtained by application to Mr. C. W. Bassett, superintendent of the gallery.

**THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS** commenced its season on the evening of January 14, at the rooms of the Architectural Museum, Conduit Street, when Mr. F. Y. Hurlstone, one of the vice-presidents, opened the meeting with a short address, and announced the programme of lectures, concerts, &c., for the session. Mr. H. Ottley, honorary secretary, also spoke in furtherance of the objects of this excellent society, which we are glad to know is prospering. The rooms were hung with a large number of works of Art, and some good vocal and instrumental music enlivened the proceedings of the evening.

**ART-WORKMANSHIP.**—The Society of Arts, having taken a step in the right direction by offering a series of prizes to the actual workmen who produce such works as may be distinguished by their "Art-workmanship," has carried out its laudable project by exhibiting those offered for competition, with the names of the producers and the award of the prizes. These works, since their public exhibition at the great room of the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi, have been removed to the South Kensington Museum. The prizes were awarded by Mr. Redgrave, R.A., Mr. Digby Wyatt, and Mr. John Webb; those that received the prizes may be grouped in the following six classes:—1. Modelling in terra-cotta, plaster, or wax; 2. Repoussé work in any metal; 3. Hammered work in the hard metals; 4. Carving in ivory; 5. Chasing on metal; 6. Painting on porcelain; and 6. Inlays in wood, ivory, or metal. Sixty-eight examples were sent in, and twenty-eight prizes were awarded. In the proposed classes of "Enamel Painting on Metal, Copper, or Gold," "Engraving on Glass," and "Embroidery," two examples only were sent in, and no prizes were awarded. We observed also that four of the first prizes were not awarded in the other classes, including both the first prizes for repoussé and hammered work. It is to be hoped that when the Society of Arts again invites artist-workmen to a competition for prizes and for the honour of having won them, that a larger number of competitors will appear in the field, and that the works exhibited will be both much more numerous and far more excellent. The recent exhibition we may describe as very tolerably respectable as far as it went.

**PORTRAIT OF THE LATE LADY MATILDA BUTLER.**—A very interesting and admirably executed engraving of this amiable and accomplished lady, daughter of the Countess of Glengall, has just been completed, and merits special commendation. It is a pure mezzotinto, the peculiar and best properties of which style have found a most competent illustration in Mr. George Raphael Ward, who has been so long and eminently distinguished in its exercise. Admirable in drawing, treated throughout with true artistic feeling, and elaborately finished, the family and friends of the deceased lady may be congratulated upon the possession of so faithful and charming a *souvenir*. The graceful figure and singularly sweet expression of the features render this engraving, irrespective of its value as a portrait, a subject that would be generally and peculiarly attractive. The picture from which Mr. Ward has produced this admirable work was painted by Mr. J. R. Swinton.

**MR. E. W. COOKE, R.A.**, has presented the sum of £300 to the "Life-Boat Association," to provide a life-boat somewhere on the coast where it is most needed. This is a liberal gift, and requires record. It is also "appropriate" for Mr. Cooke owes his popularity mainly to scenes and incidents associated with sea-life.

**LEONARDO DA VINCI'S 'THE LAST SUPPER.'**—Mr. Tegg has issued an engraving in line, by F. Bacon, of this well-known picture. The print is smaller than Morghen's well-known engraving of this subject, from which Mr. Bacon has evidently worked. The heads are finished with considerable care, and the plate throughout is a creditable, though not a high-class production. It is, however, published at a comparatively low cost, and, therefore, we have no right to expect

a very superior print; we may nevertheless predict its popularity, because the subject well deserves it, and the engraving comes within the reach of thousands.

**EXHIBITION OF STAINED GLASS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.**—This exhibition is intended to be kept open during the summer months of the present year, in a portion of the recently completed cloisters of the South Kensington Museum. The varied dimensions of the spaces available for exhibiting the specimens to be sent in to the executive committee, Mr. T. Gambier Parry and Mr. R. Burchett, with Mr. G. Wallis as secretary, have been forwarded to each of the invited exhibitors, and the result has been that, with the exception of a large space capable of being enclosed to any form, and giving an area of 50 feet in height by 22 feet in width, the whole of the offered space has been claimed. It is to be hoped that some noble window, which may ultimately be destined to find a permanent home in a cathedral or in some church of the first importance, may be exhibited in the large space to which we have just adverted.

**PHOTOGRAPHS OF BALMORAL CASTLE.**—Mr. Victor Delarue has recently published a series of photographic pictures, taken by Mr. S. Thompson, of this romantic royal residence; the most interesting of which, because least known, are the interior views of the state apartments, if we can call those "state" rooms which are assimilated to the apartments of hundreds of her Majesty's faithful subjects, so unostentatious is all within them—everything wears the features of comfort and simple home enjoyment. The views are published in two sizes, one adapted for albums, the other mounted for stereoscopic purposes. There are also a few prints of larger dimensions than either of the above, of the most attractive spots in the surrounding scenery; and, in addition to these, Mr. Delarue publishes several *carte-de-visite* portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The whole of these photographs are very sharp and brilliant.

**ILLUMINATED WORK.**—The late Mr. F. G. Delamotte, among other works which he designed, executed three large illuminated sheets symbolising respectively the three great cardinal virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity, these words forming the central and most prominent portion of each design. They are surrounded by bold floral borders and other ornamental work, and are accompanied by allegorical figures with appropriate scriptural texts. The drawing of the figures is not always correct, though they are designed with taste, judgment, and feeling, but all else is in every way most creditable to the artist; as a whole, the 'Charity' must take precedence of the others. Messrs. Day and Sons have skilfully reproduced these designs in chromolithography, and publish them in conjunction with Mrs. Delamotte. They are beautiful and most appropriate decorations for school-rooms, and as designs for ecclesiastical ornament.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.**—Mr. Grote, the well-known author of the "History of Greece," and one of the Council of University College, Gower Street, has offered to place on the walls of the cloister of the building mosaic representations of scenes and persons of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," to be executed by the Baron de Triqueti.

**THE DANISH ARTIST, MR. REICHARDT,** since our notice of his works, has been honoured by her Majesty's command to take a large collection of his pictures and his sketches to Windsor Castle; and, accordingly, both the Queen herself and several members of the Royal Family have been enabled to form a personal opinion of the productions of a painter who cannot fail in due time to become eminently popular in this country.

**ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.**—The committee, after examining the *misereres* tendered for the wood-carving prizes of the past year, which were offered for a composition of not more than two figures, or of one figure and one animal, the subject being a profession, trade, or occupation, treated in modern costume, have assigned the first prize of £20 to Mr. John Seymour, of Tower Lane, Taunton, the subject being a stonemason carving a vaulting rib of Ham Hill stone. The second prize of £5 was adjudged to Mr. J. M. Leach, of

1, Newmarket Road, Cambridge, whose work represented a woman and child returning from gleaning, with sheaves on their heads. The committee gave an extra prize of £1 1s., or a book, at the choice of the competitor, to the carving by Mr. Alexander Kenmure, in the employ of Mr. Forsyth, of 8, Edward Street, Hampstead Road, representing a smith shoeing a horse. The joint committee of the Architectural Museum and the Ecclesiastical Society have chosen "The Gleaners" as the subject of the colour prize of this year, considering that the dresses of the woman and child, besides the sheaves, afford a better field for colour than the carver working a block of stone.

**THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY** have recently added to their collections of photographs some exquisitely beautiful views of Venice of a large size, which have been coloured with the utmost skill and with genuine artistic feeling *at Venice*. These pictures, as we advisedly entitle them, are not only very beautiful in themselves, but they also demonstrate how much may be accomplished through an alliance between photography and painting. Without a doubt, the success of the colouring in this instance will encourage other able and experienced artists to emulate the example of their Venetian brother, and to produce similar views both at home and in other countries.

The "TIMES OF INDIA," one of our daily contemporaries, published far away eastward, in the city of Bombay, which now enjoys a very wide and influential circulation in India, has recently devoted a portion of its columns to regular notices of all matters of interest and importance connected with the Arts here, at home, in England. And in order to carry out this excellent project the more effectually, the editor, Mr. Knight, has formed permanent arrangements with a gentleman in London for the preparation of original leading articles on what we may designate general Art-subjects, together with descriptive and critical notices of exhibitions, pictures, works in sculpture, engravings, photographs, Art-manufactures of every kind, and reviews of books and other publications, all of which are sent out by every bi-monthly mail. To the attention of our own artists, publishers, and manufacturers, we commend this really important evidence of the growing interest felt in India for Art, under every form in which it finds expression, in England. In our Indian empire a wide field indeed is open before them, and they will find it to be for their best interests cordially to support the journal which takes an honourable lead in India in carrying out the most effectual means for bringing into close contact Indian patrons and English producers in a manner that cannot fail to prove mutually attractive and satisfactory.

**STRATFORD-ON-AVON**, and whatever other place is in any peculiar manner associated with Shakespeare, will this year be certainly regarded with even unusual interest, and consequently good photographs, whether for the stereoscope or not, which represent Stratford itself and its neighbourhood, will not fail to be in great request, and to receive a cordial welcome. Mr. Francis Bedford, the photographer to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, has very opportunely published a series of stereoscopic pictures, which are exactly such as will be in harmony with the public feeling; they are of the highest order of excellence as photographs, and possess all the best qualities for which Mr. Bedford's works are justly celebrated, and they also are as varied as they are excellent. The Stratford-on-Avon group comprises seventeen pictures; there are four exterior, and as many interior, views of the church, the latter showing the Shakespeare monument; the House of the Poet is represented in two other pictures, and another pair are devoted to Ann Hathaway's Cottage; the remaining pictures are views of the Room in which Shakespeare was born, the Grammar School, the Guild Chapel, with the vestiges that yet remain of New Place, the High Street and Town Hall, and the Old Bridge. The other groups—kindred groups they may be styled—which Mr. Bedford has included in his series, consist of twenty-seven views of Kenilworth Castle, with five others of the Church, and of other points of

especial interest in the immediate neighbourhood of the famed castle; thirty-seven views of Warwick Castle, and fifteen others in Warwick, which include the Monuments of the Beauchamp Chapel and St. Mary's Church; twenty-one views of Guy's Cliff; twenty-five views of Coventry; six of Charlecote; ten of Stoneleigh Abbey; twenty-seven of Leamington; fifty of Cheltenham; and six of Tewkesbury Abbey—in all 247 stereoscopic pictures, which are published by Messrs. Cathrall and Prichard, of Chester, and may be obtained of the London Stereoscopic Company, and of other eminent dealers in photographs in London.

**THE CHAPEL AT WINDSOR CASTLE**, heretofore known as Cardinal Wolsey's, which adjoins the Chapel of St. George, is now receiving the splendid enrichments which are to impart to it a new character as a monumental chapel commemorative of the late Prince Consort. All this is the work of the Queen and the Royal Family—work executed by their special desire, in accordance with their express wishes, and entirely at their cost. The architectural arrangements, and the general direction of the whole, are in the able hands of Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A.; to Messrs. Bell and Clayton the stained glass has been entrusted; and the magnificent heraldic vaulting of the roof is being carried out, in his revived Venetian mosaic, by Dr. Salviati and a staff of his own artist-workmen. When this singularly interesting series of works shall have advanced more nearly to completion, we shall place before our readers a careful account of them, both descriptive and critical.

**THE IRONMONGERS' ASSOCIATION OF LONDON** has been carrying on its useful and honourable operations with much unostentatious energy during the late autumn and winter, and it still continues to be assiduously at work. Of its annual course of lectures, two by the Rev. Charles Boutell, M.A., were delivered on the 25th of November and the 20th of January last, the subjects being "Art-Education, and the Study of Design, with special reference to the productions in Hard Metals," and "The Metal-work of the Great Exhibition of 1862, and its Teachings." Both lectures were attended by the members of the Association and their friends in very considerable numbers.

**THE SHAKSPEARE MEMORIAL.**—It is much to be lamented that the apple of discord should be "struggled" for by two committees, one in London and one at Stratford-upon-Avon, the object of each being to honour the memory of the great Poet and to commemorate worthily the three hundredth anniversary of his day of birth. Instead of the harmony and union that ought to be, there exists a spirit ill in accord with the high purpose of both societies. We cannot well understand why, nor what is really the nature of the dispute. It is clear, that if Shakespeare's birthday be celebrated in every city and town of Great Britain, so much the more will the bard be honoured. Stratford will naturally take the lead, but it does not therefore follow that London is either to be silent or to act merely as an auxiliary. Many of the subscribers to one fund subscribe also to the other; and that perhaps is the best way.

**CANADIAN PHOTOGRAPHS.**—Some of the best photographic pictures we ever saw have been taken in America, where the clear, bright atmosphere gives peculiar brilliancy and sharpness to the results of the process. We have just received a few specimens from Mr. Notman, of Montreal, which are excellent; two vignette subjects of 'Yachts on the Lawrence,' and a 'Road Scene on the Ottawa'—the latter would pass well for one of our pretty English green lanes. 'Chumbly Fort, near Montreal,' is a barren but not unpicturesque subject, and comes out vividly in the photograph. We are gratified to know that the works of our painters find their way into Canada, judging from a capital photographic copy, also by Mr. Notman, of one of Mr. Vicat Cole's clever transcripts of English scenery. To these must be added another, and by no means the least interesting, one from a picture by a Canadian painter, Mr. R. S. Duncanson. The composition is suggested by Tennyson's poem of the "Lotos-eater," and is highly poetical and imaginative in character, reminding us not a little of some of John Martin's most beautiful and picturesque

designs; Mr. Duncanson is evidently an artist of more than ordinary talent.

MESSRS. JOHNSON AND SON, Castle Street, Holborn, have published a little pamphlet on the "Merchandise Marks' Act," which will be found useful to manufacturers and traders.

A LARGE COLOURED PHOTOGRAPHIC COPY of Mr. Calderon's picture, 'The British Embassy in Paris on the Day of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew,' has been published by Messrs. McQueen, Moore & Co. As a representation of the scene painted by the artist, the photograph, as a matter of course, is a faithful reproduction, but it fails in colour, as might be expected; the heaviness inseparable from photographic printing being a barrier to the light and transparent colouring of the original painting.

DECORATIVE WOOD CARVING FOR FURNITURE.—The "Robinson Crusoe sideboard," at last year's Great Exhibition, was one of those remarkable productions that at once attracted the attention of all who saw it; and, certainly, it was not likely, when it had once been seen, to be readily forgotten. The same enterprising and assiduous carver, Mr. Gerard Robinson, of Duke Street, Manchester Square, has completed a companion work, also a sideboard, carved with equal elaboration of details, and with really wonderful effectiveness, his subject this time being the famous border combat of Chevy Chase. The composition embraces six distinct compartments, two of them very large, and four smaller ones, the whole being arranged precisely on the same plan as obtained in his work that derived its motive from the immortal shipwrecked hero of the lonely island. Thus Mr. Robinson has six distinct incidents, all of them cleverly made to work out the burden of the fine old ballad, that will transmit to all time the fame of the struggle at Otterburne, on the 10th of August, 1388. Mr. Robinson has treated his subject with great skill; and his singular powers of free-hand carving, coupled with his most effective combination of low and full relief, are here put forth with his utmost energy, and they expatiate joyously in the wide field that he has chosen for their operation.

THE first part of Messrs. Dalziel's cheap illustrated edition of the "Arabian Nights" has made its appearance. The artists employed on the designs are Messrs. Millais, R.A., Tenniel, J. D. Watson, T. Dalziel, and others, whose drawings are bold, spirited, and of a character *apropos* to the subjects. It is many years since we read these famous Eastern tales, but they seem here to be much abbreviated—more so than is absolutely necessary to adapt them to the refined taste of our time.

CARAVAGGIO.—The picture at 214, Piccadilly, attributed to Caravaggio by certain French connoisseurs of reputation, is large, and contains numerous figures. The subject is the 'Adoration of the Crucified Saviour by the Holy Women.' According to the custom of this painter, the shaded passages are deep even to the loss of outline. It is said that the picture can be authenticated.

Messrs. CHRISTIE, MASON, AND Woods already announce the sale of numerous collections of pictures in the forthcoming season. Among them are drawings and sketches by E. Richardson; the collection of the late Lord Lyndhurst; the sketches and pictures left by the late W. Mulready, R.A., F. Lee Bridell, and J. D. Harding; a collection of valuable English pictures collected by "a gentleman;" the cabinet of modern pictures and drawings belonging to Mr. F. P. Rickards; the collection of the late Mr. E. W. Anderson and Mr. G. A. Hoskins; with others.

BURFORD'S PANORAMAS.—The public has seen the last of these old-established and popular exhibitions; the building in Leicester Square is now closed, and will, in all probability, be soon appropriated to other purposes of a less interesting and instructive character.

LEECH'S SKETCHES.—Of Mr. Leech's *Punch* sketches, a selection has been made by Messrs. Agnew for publication as lithographs, in two series of ten subjects each. The whole will be exhibited at No. 5, Waterloo Place, when completed. Three only are at present finished.

MR. PHILLIPS, of Cockspur Street, almost while we were in the act of going to press, called our attention to an enamelled tazza, the enamel

executed on copper by Charles Leper, of Paris, which may be pronounced a most exquisite work. On another occasion we propose to describe minutely this remarkable example of a beautiful Art, together with an equally remarkable collection of Muscovite plate in silver and silver-gilt, enriched with enamel and niello, which also has very recently been received by Mr. Phillips from St. Petersburg.

MESSRS. DEFRIES AND SONS, the eminent glass-manufacturers of the city, have just opened in the Dudley Gallery, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, a magnificent collection of the finest productions of their establishment. It contains one of the splendid candelabra, manufactured by the Messrs. Defries for the Maharajah of Secunderabad, together with a great variety of examples of fine engraved glass, &c.

By a clerical error in our notice last month of M. Vial's process of multiplying engravings, the word "Proces" preceding the inventor's name in the first paragraph should have been printed "Procédé." And in the notice of Mr. Grindon's "Life," &c., the prefix "Rev." was attached to the author's name inadvertently; the word "Leo" should be substituted for it.

## REVIEWS.

THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. With Pictures by JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS. Engraved by the BROTHERS DALZIEL. Published by ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, and ROUTLEDGE, London.

Some of these engravings have appeared, if we are not mistaken, in that excellent serial *Good Words*, but the fact is no solid argument why they should not be collected into a handsome volume like this, with such advantages as the most careful printing on thick paper can give to develop the skill of the engravers. Whatever objection may be taken to the style in which Mr. Millais chooses to employ his pencil, no one can justly deny that he brings to his work an earnest, thoughtful, and reverential mind, a truly poetical imagination, and a thorough knowledge of the technicalities of Art; his feelings, so far as relates to the spirit of his compositions, are in perfect harmony with the old Italian painters who preceded Raffaele, and which we could desire that others of our artists who attempt sacred Art exhibited to a greater extent than they do, yet without adopting implicitly their antique manner as models. Take, for example, such subjects as these out of the book—the 'Enemy sowing Tares at Night,' the 'Unmerciful Servant,' the 'Labourers of the Vineyard,' the 'Wise and Foolish Virgins,' the 'Foolish Virgins,' the 'Good Samaritan,' the 'Lost Sheep,' exquisitely beautiful, the 'Lost Piece of Silver.' There is not one of these subjects which does not stand out in striking and noble contrast with the prettinesses and sentimentalism that too frequently characterise the works purporting to express sacred Art, and which are so often mistaken for it. In these and other designs included in this book, there is as much to demand and secure thought, as there is to evidence what rightly-directed thought has been bestowed on them. And if we add to this that the quality of the engraving is scarcely, if at all, inferior to the beauty of the compositions, that the engravers seem to have fully entered into the spirit and feelings of the artist, and to have worked with him, we say all that need be said.

The "season" has certainly not produced a more covetable edition of its kind than this edition of the "Parables." The text, which is the best the art of typography can produce, is ornamented with red initial letters, headings, and page-lines, with elegant head and tail designs. The whole is printed at the press of Messrs. Dalziel, the engravers. The binding of green and gold is in good taste, and supplies another evidence of the care bestowed on the "getting up" of the book.

OUR ENGLISH LAKES, MOUNTAINS, AND WATERFALLS, AS SEEN BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Photographically Illustrated. Published by A. W. BENNETT, London.

Wordsworth stands at the head of that class of English writers to whom has been assigned the title of "Lake Poets." In describing the varied and numberless beauties which characterise the scenery of northern England, their imagery, and their effects on a calm, contemplative, and poetical mind, the "old man eloquent" had wondrous power. And there, too, he found incidents and histories, of a

humble nature, perhaps, but not on that account less worthy of record, because they harmonised with, or formed a part of, his main subject, which he related in his own simple yet beautiful language, diversifying thus his themes, and inculcating lessons of love, wisdom, and virtue.

From the various writings of Wordsworth, the compiler has here gathered into an elegant volume such passages as especially refer to particular places in Cumberland and Westmoreland, classifying the extracts, as far as practicable, under the heads of the different lakes or other objects of interest in each locality. By this arrangement he hopes that the reader, with the assistance of Mr. Ogle's photographs, will be able to appreciate more fully the poet's "wonderfully true descriptions of the beauties of nature, while the tourist will have the additional pleasure of identifying with his own favourite spot any of the poet's verses which refer especially to it." To the descriptions of Winandermere, Esthwaite, Langdale, Rydale, Grasmere, Derwentwater, Ullswater, &c., are added several of Wordsworth's minor poems, such as those on flowers and on birds, with others.

The small photographic illustrations, in number thirteen, are excellent, remarkable for clearness and pictorial effect, and the localities are well selected. The volume, which is got up in the most approved "gift-book" style, is a worthy tribute to the high character of the poet and the goodness of the man.

THE GOLDEN HARP; Hymns, Rhymes, and Songs for the Young. Adapted by H. W. DULCKEN, Ph.D. With Fifty-two Illustrations by J. D. WATSON, T. DALZIEL, and J. WOLF. Engraved by the BROTHERS DALZIEL. Published by ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, and ROUTLEDGE, London.

German literature, both for children and their elders, has, of late years, had a tolerable wide circulation in this country, and not always with the most satisfactory results as regards the latter. Half the theological discussions which have recently arisen may be traced to the writings of certain men of Germany, and hence has sprung up among us that controversial spirit which has shaken the belief of some, and brought disunion among those who once were "heirs together of the same faith." But German stories and poetry are allowed to pass current here almost unquestioned, because, though they are frequently wrapped up in the mysticisms of the country, and largely partake of its strange legendary lore, no positive harm is done by them, and, perhaps, not much good as vehicles of sound instruction. The music of Dr. Dulcken's "Golden Harp" is, however, sweet and pleasant; it is attuned to high and holy themes in the hymns, and to amusing and profitable subjects in the other poems. The writings of Matthias Claudius, Rückert, and Hans Sach, the "Cobbler-bard" of Nuremberg, have been chiefly laid under contribution, and are translated, as a whole, into good English versification that reads easily and euphoniously. The woodcuts are far above the average of children's books generally, both as designs and the work of the engraver. We most cordially commend this charming little book.

INDUSTRIAL BIOGRAPHY: Iron Workers and Tool Makers. By SAMUEL SMILES, author of "Lives of the Engineers." Published by J. MURRAY, London.

England is said to be, and with no little truth, one huge workshop. From Glasgow and Paisley in the north to London in the south, from Norwich in the east to almost the Land's End in the west, the sound of the sledge-hammer or the rattle of the weaver's loom echoes far and wide, though it may be often at long intervals of distance. Go almost where one will, into the most sequestered valley or by the windings of our most silvery rivers, white columns of steam rise up and float away into the absorbing air from factories where some vast industrial occupation is carried on. It is to iron we owe so much of our present commercial activity; it is now the bone and sinew, so to speak, of manufacturing enterprise, and the workers in what is usually called "base" metal are with us the true gold-finders. But many of the men to whom the country owes so much of her national wealth and trading greatness are comparatively unknown beyond their particular spheres. Mr. Smiles has undertaken the task of tracing out their histories and recording them in a book no less interesting and acceptable than his preceding works, the "Life of George Stephenson," the "Lives of the Engineers," and others. The whole history of our vast iron factories from the earliest period is here marked out in the lives of some of its principal workers—Dudley and Yarrington of the seventeenth century; the Darbys, the Reynoldses, Huntsman, Henry Cort, Musket, Richard Crawshay, and others,

of the last century; Neilson, Bramah, Maudslay, Nasmyth, Whitworth, Fairbairn, and others of the present. These are the men whose labours Mr. Smiles rightly considers are worthy to be placed on record, and "the more so as their lives present many points of curious and original interest."

And certainly these descendants of Tubal Cain have found an appreciating biographer in the author of this book, whose narratives often read more like tales of fiction than of facts found in the lives of men whose toil was great, whose perseverance to accomplish their purpose seems never to have flagged, and who have contributed in no small degree to help on the world in its civilising advancement. A friend speaking to Mr. Smiles on the subject of his work, says: "I do not begrudge destructive heroes their fame, but the constructive ones ought not to be forgotten." In which class, we would ask, are Whitworth and Armstrong, the great constructors of destructive engines, to be ranked? Assuredly to both.

A WELCOME TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES. From the Poet Laureate. OWEN JONES, Illuminator. Published by DAY AND SON, London.

This is a most charming example of coloured lithography, at once beautiful in composition and admirable in execution. It consists chiefly of flowers, grouped in all possible ways and in great variety, each illuminated page containing a verse of the Laureate's Wedding Ode to the young Princess:—

"Saxon, and Norman, and Dane are we,  
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee."

The book is delicately and gracefully bound, and altogether is, perhaps, the most agreeable gift-book of the year.

TALES OF MANY LANDS. By M. FRASER TYTLER. Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS & CO., London.

A series of interesting stories, written not only with a view to amuse the young reader, but to instruct his mind and to elevate his thoughts. The scenes are laid in England, Scotland, and on the Continent, but the tales refer less to places than to individuals, and to actual incidents which form the groundwork of the narratives. No parent need glance over them to see if they are of a healthy and unexceptionable character; their moral tendency is at once evident.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN; its Towns, Villages, and Hamlets. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. By JOHN HANNETT. Published by SIMPKIN & CO., and J. RUSSELL SMITH, London.

That portion of the county of Warwickshire which is topographically known as the "Forest of Arden"—though it is questionable whether a forest, in the common acceptation of the word, ever existed there—lies between Oxford and Birmingham, and has a peculiar interest attaching to it from the presumed fact that it was much resorted to by Shakespeare in his early days, and that he gained from its scenery many of those exquisite rural descriptions found in his writings. Castles of considerable strength and old baronial mansions stood in former years in the district, and it seems to have been a favourite hunting-ground with the nobles and gentry of ages long past; now it is only a fertile, picturesque locality, glorying in its old churches, old farm-houses, and numerous mansions of comparatively modern date.

Had Mr. Hannett been skilled in the modern art of book-making, he might have produced a far more interesting volume than he has, out of the materials within his reach. As it is, the book is little more than a dry record, historical and topographical, of the "forest," which seems nowhere to have kindled in him a spark of poetical description, nor enticed him to say a word about its natural productions, botanical or geological. As a guide to seeing the principal attractions of the locality, his compilation may be accepted as safe, but it goes no further; and probably this was all the author intended. The illustrations, upwards of fifty in number, and executed by Mr. E. Whimper, are below mediocrity. We cannot understand how it is, that in this day of skilful wood-engraving, so few publications of this kind have pictorial justice done to them. It can only be, we think, because authors and prominent publishers are ignorant—though it is difficult to understand it—of what good Art is.

THE PICTURE SCRAP BOOK. New Series. Published by the Religious Tract Society, London.

A rich mine of pictorial wealth is this goodly quarto volume; with all kinds of subjects in it, illustrating the seasons, places of note and interest, child-life,

natural history, home and foreign travel, and biblical history. Most of them are here collected together from books previously published: our own pages, we see, contributing some. Each page has, by way of explanation, a verse or passage of prose writing accompanying the woodcuts, which amount to some hundreds in number, and are capitally printed. Such a book must be quite a treasure in the nursery and juvenile school-room, uniting, as it does, amusement and instruction.

THE PHANTOM BOUQUET; a Popular Treatise on the Art of Skeletonising Leaves and Seed-Vessels, and adapting them to embellish the Home of Taste. By EDWARD PARRISH, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, &c. &c. Published by A. BENNET, London; J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia.

Leaves at all times are beautiful: beautiful in the early bright green of spring-time; beautiful in the richer green of summer, and when the autumn is changing them into every tint of red, yellow, and brown; beautiful even when the wintry frost has powdered them with its white hoar, and they lie crisp and sparkling in the sunshine as we tread them under foot; but never is their beauty more wondrously displayed than after death, stripped of their clothing, and developing nothing more than their marvellous framework of the most subtle, delicate, and perfect tracery. We have seen vases filled with these anatomical subjects so exquisite as to defy description, and compel us to do nothing but examine, admire, and keep silent. Now the art of "skeletonising"—to adopt Mr. Parrish's Americanism—leaves is comparatively easy of attainment; it is a pleasant and most instructive amusement, and the result, unlike that of many occupations undertaken by ladies who have leisure at their command, cannot fail to be satisfactory, for the manipulator has little else to do than to leave nature to perform her own work with some slight aids.

This wintry season is not quite the proper time for such work, but the learner may even now make some experiments, and then, if she has carefully studied Mr. Parrish's little treatise—a concise and practical one—when the summer comes, she will be in a position to undertake any botanical dissection she pleases.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES. Engraved by S. COUSINS, R.A., from the Picture by — LAURENT. Published by P. and D. COLNAGHI, SCOTT, & CO., London.

This, to our taste, is the most elegant portrait of the Princess which has yet appeared. It is a three-quarters length, with the figure habited in white muslin simply, and a long head-scarf of the same material falling over the arms, and blown, as if by a gentle breeze, across the skirts of the dress. The face, beautiful exceedingly, stands out in bold relief, caused by her long dark eurls, against a grey sky. Nothing can be more delicate and aerial than the whole composition. Mr. Laurent certainly had a charming subject for his model; but he has, as certainly, brought the most refined taste to bear upon it.

UNDERTONES. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. Published by MOXON & CO., London.

The artist will delight in this book of a new and true poet. It is full of pictures. The name has been somewhat familiar to us as that of a writer in periodical works. He is, however, comparatively unknown; but this volume will give him a very high place among the great of our century. The subjects he treats are for the most part classical. His heroes and heroines are Pan, Orpheus, Polyphemus, Penelope, &c.; but he endows them with human feelings, passions, and sympathies, and tells the stories of their loves, wrongs, and woes in "lofty rhyme" such as we rarely read in these degenerate days. Mr. Buchanan will be at once recognised as a poet of the highest order, second to few, if any, of our modern bards, and worthy to stand proudly by the side of the best of those who glorified an age gone by.

"THEIR MAJESTIES' SERVANTS:" Annals of the English Stage. By DR. DORAN, F.S.A. 2 vols. Published by W. H. ALLEN & CO., London.

There are few labourers in a rich and varied field of literature to whom a larger debt is owing than that which Dr. Doran claims. These volumes, which he dedicates to his friend, E. M. Ward, R.A., deal with the British stage from Thomas Betterton to Edmund Kean, and are full of highly interesting anecdotes, historical and personal. The materials have been brought together with great industry. They evi-

dence sound judgment and rare intelligence, and have merit far beyond their ostensible purpose—to gossip pleasantly about actors, authors, and audiences from the earliest period of the British drama, through its palmy days, to its decadence. We have space only sufficient to add a line to the praise so universally accorded to Dr. Doran for this, his latest and his most valuable work.

SIR GUY DE GUY: a Stirring Romaunt. By RATTLE-BRAIN. Illustrated by "PHIZ." Published by ROUTLEDGE & CO., London.

This is a most pleasant poem, full of point and humour, in harmonious verse. It is, however, very long—too long, perhaps; although interest is sustained throughout. The style is a sort of mingling of "the manner of Marmion" with that of the "Ratcatcher's Daughter," detailing the adventures of a gallant volunteer, Guy Straggles, and his ladye-love, Arabella Jane. It is, indeed, merely a mock-heroic; but written with great spirit, and brimfull of fun. The very numerous illustrations are by "Phiz," who has been lately too much missed in periodical literature. His drawings here are capital illustrations of the text.

THE SCHOOL MANUAL OF GEOLOGY. By J. BEETH JUKES, M.A., F.R.S., Local Director of the Geological Survey of Ireland, &c. &c. Published by A. AND C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

Whether geology has the same fascination for the young mind given to study that botany, natural history, and even chemistry, possess, may be a question, but there is no doubt that it opens up a large and deeply interesting field of thought and inquiry amply rewarding the labour bestowed on its investigation. To simplify such research, and to guide the student's faculty of observation, is the object of this manual, which, discarding all speculative theories, is a plain record of facts placed in an educational light. Though professedly written for the young, it may be advantageously consulted by their elders who are desirous of being initiated into the rudiments of the science.

RUINED ABBEYS AND CASTLES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By WILLIAM HOWITT. Second Series. Published by A. W. BENNETT, London.

In continuation of a volume which we noticed two years since, Mr. Howitt has brought out another, of a similar kind, but descriptive of places omitted in the former. Among the principal ecclesiastical and castellated ruins referred to now, are Kenilworth, Caernarvon, Richmond, and Hurstmonceaux castles, and the abbeys of Whitby, Netley, Croyland, Jedburgh, Dryburgh, with others made famous by their historical associations: all of them shrines to which pilgrims are attracted by what remains of their architectural beauty, or by the records that are interwoven with their existence. These ancient ruins, hoary with age, and lovely, as many of them are, even in their decay, seem not to have evoked any enthusiasm in the mind of Mr. Howitt; his descriptions are strangely prosaic for one who has in other of his writings shown himself not without poetical feeling and lively imagination; and, certainly, here are themes whose "very stones do rise and mutiny" against dull treatment. Beyond an epitomised history of the edifices and their various occupants, Mr. Howitt has attempted little or nothing. Nearly thirty little photographic pictures, some of them well selected and artistically good, illustrate a book which has all the aids that delicate paper, careful printing, and a rich exterior can give it.

BUTTERFLYING WITH THE POETS. By JOSEPH MERRIN. Published for the Author, Gloucester.

A country book, printed at a provincial press, and a right good specimen of typography, wholesomely bound with the old "tooling," gives us a pleasant insight into the aspect and habit of those living and moving flowers that adorn our fields with all the hues of the rainbow on the garments that God has given them. It is a most interesting and very beautiful book. Its original feature, moreover, is that the "butterflies" are examples of "nature printing," and are apparently the actual objects depicted; indeed, at first sight we took them to be the real butterflies, for they are set in a sort of raised framework, and are in high relief. The poets who write of gardens and fields, woods and dales, lakes and rivers, are quoted from largely; hence the title, "Butterflying with the Poets." Unhappily, however, the quotations are given without naming the authorities.